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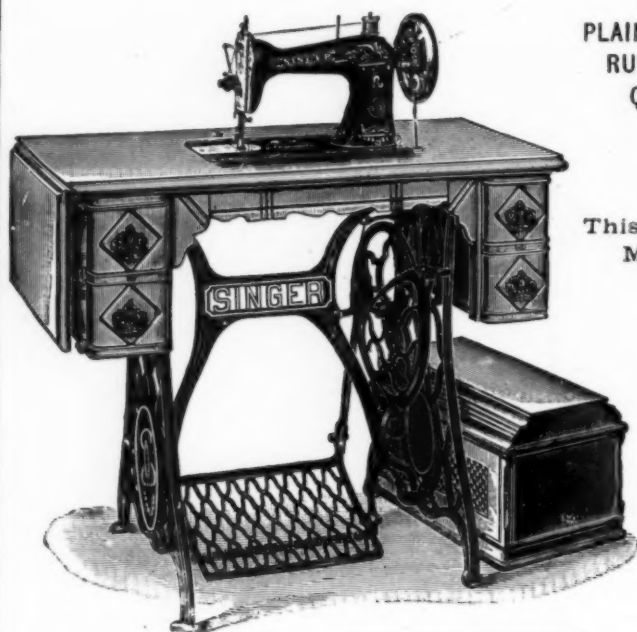
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A SUMMER DAY

[HENRY WALKER

Tom Wallis: a Tale of the South Seas

BY LOUIS BECKE

AUTHOR OF "BY REEF AND PALM," "WILD LIFE IN SOUTHERN SEAS,"
"RODMAN THE BOAT-STEERER," ETC.



"I AM VERY MUCH OBLIGED TO YOU, MR. WILLIAM HENRY"

CHAPTER IV.—CAPTAIN SAM HAWKINS AND THE
"LADY ALICIA."

THIRTY miles to the eastward of Break-sea Spit, which lies off Sandy Cape, on the coast of Queensland, a little, tubby, and exceedingly disreputable-looking

brig of about two hundred tons burden was floundering and splashing along before a fresh southerly breeze, and a short and jumpy head swell. By the noise she made when her bluff old bows plunged into a sea and brought her up shaking, and groaning, and rolling as she rose to it and tumbled

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recklessly down the other side, one would have thought that the *Lady Alicia* was a two thousand ton ship, close hauled under a press of canvas, and thrashing her way through the water at thirteen or fourteen knots. Sometimes when she was a bit slow in rising, a thumping smack on her square old-fashioned stern would admonish her to get up and be doing, and with a protesting creak and grind from every timber in her sea-worn old frame, blending into what sounded like a heart-broken sigh, she would make another effort, and drop down into the trough again with a mighty splash of foam shooting out from her on every side, and a rattling of blocks, and flapping and slapping of her ancient, threadbare, and wondrously patched canvas.

Aft, on the short, stumpy poop, a short stumpy man with a fiery-red face, keen blue eyes, and snow-white hair, was standing beside the helmsman, smoking, and watching the antics of the venerable craft—of which he was master and owner—with unconcealed pride. His age was about the same as the brig, a little over fifty years; and this was not the only point in which they resembled each other, for their appearance and characteristics bore a marked similarity in many respects. In the first place, the *Lady Alicia* was a noisy, blustering old wave-puncher, especially when smashing her cumbrous way through a head sea, as she was doing at present. But despite her age and old-fashioned build, her hull was still as sound as a bell; and Captain Samuel Hawkins was a noisy, blustering old shell-back, especially when he met with any opposition; and despite his age and old-fashioned and fussy manner, his heart was not only as sound as a bell, but full to overflowing with every good and humane feeling, for all his forty years of life at sea. Secondly, the *Lady Alicia* had antiquated single "rolling" topsails (which were the skipper's especial pride, although they invariably jammed at critical moments during a heavy squall, and refused to lower, with all hands and the cook straining frantically with distended eyeballs at the downhauls); and Captain Hawkins wore antiquated nether garments, fastened with large horn buttons, and this part of his attire was the object of as much secret contempt among his crew as were the hated rolling topsails, though the old man was a firm believer in both. Thirdly, the *Lady Alicia* carried stunsails (which was another source of pride to her master, and of bitter

hatred to the mate as useless and troublesome fal-lals); and Captain Hawkins wore a stove-pipe hat when on shore in Sydney, the which was much resented by many of his nautical cronies and acquaintances, who thought that he put on too many airs for the skipper of the *Lazy Alice*, as they derisively called the old brig. But no one of them would have dared to say anything either about the brig's stunsails or sailing qualities, or her master's shore-going top-hat, in his hearing; for the old man was mighty handy with his fists, and a disrespectful allusion to his own rig, or to that of his ship, would entail a quick challenge, and an almost certain black eye to the offender. And fourthly, the brig had been built for the Honourable East India Company, and in the Honourable East India Company's service, old Samuel, then "young Sam," had served his apprenticeship to the sea; and, in fact, as he stood there on his own poop-deck, the most un-nautical observer could not but think that he had been born for the *Lady Alicia*, and that the *Lady Alicia* had, so to speak, been built to match the personal appearance of her present commander, despite her previous thirty years of buffeting about, from the Persian Gulf to Macassar, under other skippers.

Presently, turning to the helmsman, a huge, brawny-limbed Maori half-caste, who had to stoop to handle the spokes of the quivering and jumping wheel, the master took his pipe from his mouth, knocked the ashes out upon the rail, and said—

"Well William Henry we're doing all right hey?"

The Maori, deeply intent upon his steering, as his keen dark eye watched the lumping seas ahead, nodded, but said nothing, for he was a man of few words—except upon certain occasions, which shall be alluded to hereafter. Seated on the main hatch, the second mate and some of the crew were employed in sewing sails, for although the brig was jumping about so freely, and every now and then sending sheets of foam and spray flying away from her bows, the decks were as dry as a bone. Farther for'ard the black cook was seated on an upturned mess-tub outside his galley door, peeling potatoes into a bucket by his side, and at intervals thrusting his great splay foot into the nose of Julia, the ship's pig, who, not satisfied with the peelings he threw her, kept trying to make a rush past through the narrow gangway, and get at the contents of the bucket.

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Just before seven bells, the mate, who did such navigating work as was required, put his head up out of the companion, sextant in hand, and then laying the instrument down on the skylight, turned to the skipper:

"He says he feels bully this morning, and wants to come on deck."

The little squat skipper nodded, hurried below, and in a few minutes reappeared with a bundle of rugs and rather dirty pillows, which he at once proceeded to arrange between the up-ended flaps of the skylight. Then he hailed the black gentleman potato-peeler.

"Steward" (the term cook was never used by the worthy old captain), "come aft here and lend a hand."

"Ay, ay, sah," replied the negro in his rich "fruity" voice, "I'se comin', sah," and with a final and staggering kick with the ball of his foot on Julia's fat side, he put the bucket inside the galley, slid the door to, and followed the captain below, whilst the mate, a young dark-faced and grave-looking man, swiftly passed his sun-tanned hand over the couch made by the skipper, to see that there were no inequalities or discomforting lumps in the thick layer of rugs.

And then, curly wool and sooty black face first, and white head and red face beneath, up comes Tom Wallis, borne between them into life and sunshine again, but not the same Tom as he was ten days before—only an apology for him—with a shaven head, and an old, wan, and shrunken face, with black circles under the eyes, a bandaged foot, and left hand in a sling.

"Gently there now steward gently does it. Hallo youngster you're laughing are you? Right glad am I to see it my lad. Steady now steward lower him away easy. . . . There! how's that son?"

"Thank you, sir," said Tom, as the two men laid him down upon the rugs. "Oh! how lovely it is to see the sky again! Where are we now, sir?"

"Thirty mile or thereabout nor'-east o' Sandy Cape. How's the foot?"

"Much better, sir, thank you; but I think I might have the things off my hand now. I can move all my fingers quite easily."

Hawkins turned to the mate. "What do you think Mr. Collier?"

The grave-faced young mate nodded, sat down beside the lad on the edge of the skylight, and, taking Tom's hand out of the sling, began to unwind the bandages from his fingers, which he examined critically, and

pressing them carefully, asked the lad if he felt much pain.

"No, sir," said Tom manfully, as he looked into the officer's eyes—so calm, patient, and quiet, like those of his own father, "not much."

"Then we'll have these off," said Collier, as with a kindly smile he unfastened the bandages; "but you won't be able to use that foot for another week or two."

"I don't know how I managed to cut it," said Tom, as he lay back with a sigh of relief, and watched the brig's royalmasts make a sweeping arc through the air as she rolled from side to side. "I put on my boots when I came to the rocks beyond Misty Head."

Captain Hawkins laughed. "You was *non compos mentis* my bully *non compos mentis* of the first class and stark naked in a state of noodity and when we saw you spread-eagled as it were on the beach and put ashore to see whether you were dead or alive we couldn't see a stitch of clothing anywhere could we William Henry?"

The Maori helmsman nodded his head affirmatively, and then as eight bells were struck, and he was relieved at the wheel, he came and stood beside the master and mate, and a pleased expression came into his somewhat set and heavy features when Tom put out his hand to him.

"It was you who saw me first, and saved my life, wasn't it?" he said, and then with boyish awkwardness—"I am very much obliged to you, Mr. William Henry."

The big half-caste took Tom's hand in his own for a moment, and shuffling his bare feet, muttered in an apologetic tone that "it didn't matter much," as he "couldn't help a seeing" him lying on the beach. Then he strode for'ard.

"Do you know who *he* is young fellow?" said the skipper impressively to Tom, as soon as the big man was out of hearing. Tom shook his head.

"That's Bill Chester William Henry Chester is his full name he's the feller that won the heavy weight championship in Sydney two years ago knocked out Paddy the Bull in four rounds and got a sack o' sovereigns didn't you never hear of him?"

Tom again shook his head.

"Well you know him now and it'll be something for you to look back on when you comes to my age to say you've shook hands with a man like *him*. Why he's a man as could be ridin' in his own carriage and a hobnobbin' with dukes and duchesses

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in London if he'd a mind to but no he aint one o' that sort a more modest man I never saw in my life why he stood his trial for killin' a water policeman once and only got twelve months for it the evidence showin' he only acted in self-defence being set upon by six of them Sydney water police everyone of 'em being a bad lot and dangerous characters as I know and the judge saying that he only stiffened the other man under serious provocation and a lenient sentence would meet the requirements of the case. Seventeen pound ten me and some other men give the widow who said that she wished it had happened long before and saved her misery he being a man who when he wasn't ill-usin' sailor men was a-bootin' and beltin' his wife eleven years married to him although he was in the Government service I'll tell you the whole yarn some day and now then you cock-eyed son of a gun where are you steerin' to. I don't want you a cockin' your ears to hear what I'm sayin' mind your steerin' an' no eavesdroppin' or you'll get a lift under your donkey's lug."

The man who had relieved "William Henry"—a little placid-faced old creature who had sailed with Hawkins ever since that irascible person had bought the *Lady Alicia* when she was lying in Port Phillip, deserted by her crew, twenty years before, said, "Ay, ay, sir," and glued his eyes to the compass—although he had no more intention of listening to the skipper's remarks than he had of leading a mutiny and turning the brig into a pirate. He had been threatened with fearful physical damage so often during his score of years' service with the boisterous old captain, that had it been actually administered he would have died in a fit of astonishment, for "old Sam" had never been known to strike one of his hands in his life, although he was by no means adverse, as has been mentioned, to displaying his pugilistic qualifications on shore, if anyone had the temerity to make derogatory remarks about his wonderful old brig.

Swelling with importance, the old man, after glaring at the man at the wheel for a moment or two, turned to the mate—"Mr. Collier this young person being an infant in the eyes of the law and this ship being on Government service and to-day being his conselescency as it were I shall require you to verify any or whatsoever statements as shall appear to be written in the log of this ship I know my duty sir and

I hereby notify you that I rely on you to assist and expiate me in every manner," and the fussy little man waddled down the companion way with a kindly nod at Tom.

Tom began to laugh: "He talks just like old Foster, Mr. Collier—the old man I was telling you about."

The mate smiled. "He's a good old fellow, my lad, good, and honest, and true; and now that he is out of hearing, I may tell you that ever since you were brought on board he has studied your comfort, and has never ceased talking about you. Three days ago, when you were first able to speak, and tell us how you came to be where we found you, he was so distressed that he told me that he was more than half inclined to turn the brig round and head for Sydney, so that you might be enabled from there to return to your father."

Tom's eyes filled at once. "My poor father! He will never expect to see me again"; and then, as his thoughts turned to home and all that was dear to him, he placed his hands over his face, and his tears flowed freely.

The officer laid his hand on his shoulder—"Try and think of the joy that will be his when he sees you again, Tom. And, above all, my dear boy, try and think of the mercy of Him who has spared you. Try and think of Him and His goodness and—"

He rose to his feet and strode to and fro on the poop, his dark, handsome features aglow with excitement. Then he stopped, and called out sharply to a couple of hands to loose the fore and main royals, for the wind was now lessening and the sea going down.

Ten minutes later he was again at Tom's side, his face as calm and quiet as when the lad had first seen it bending over him three days before, when he awoke to consciousness.

"I promised you I would tell you the whole yarn of your rescue. There is not much to tell. We were hugging the land closely that day, so as to get out of the southerly current which at this time of the year is very strong. We saw the fire the previous night, when we were about thirty miles off the land, and abreast of Port Koorringa. Then the wind set in from the north-east with heavy rain squalls, so the skipper, who knows every inch of the coast, and could work his way along it blindfolded, decided to keep in under the land and escape from the current, for the *Lady Alicia*"—and here his eyes lit up—"is not

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renowned for beating to windward, though you must never mention such a heresy to Captain Hawkins. He would never forgive you. About four o'clock in the afternoon we went about and fetched in two miles to the northward of Misty Head, and Maori Bill, the man who was here just now, and whom the skipper calls 'William Henry,' cried out, just as we were in stays again, that he could see a man lying on the beach. The captain brought his glasses to bear on you, and although you appeared to be dead, he sent a boat ashore. There was a bit of a surf running on the beach, but Harry took the boat in safely, and then jumped out and ran up to where you were lying. He picked you up and carried you down to the boat—you were as naked as when you first came into the world, Tom—and then brought you just hovering between life and death, aboard. Your left foot was badly cut, left hand swollen and helpless, and, worse than all, you had a terrible cut on the back of your head. And here you are now, Tom, safe, and although not sound, you will be so in a few days."

Tom tried to smile, but the old house at Port Kooringa, and the sad face of his heart-broken father, came before his eyes, and again his tears flowed as he thought of the anguish of those he loved.

"Oh, Mr. Collier, that day was the happiest day of my life. When I was riding along the beach, I felt as if I was moving in the air, and the sound of the surf and the cry of the sea-birds . . . and the wavy, round bubbles that rose and floated before me in the sunshine over the sand . . . and I was so glad to think that I could tell father and Jack about Foster and I going out in the boat to the shipwrecked sailors, and bringing them ashore. And I'm so sorry for being so foolish as to light a fire on Misty Head, when the country was so dry. Poor father, I wish I could tell him so now. Of course he will think I am dead," and in spite of himself his eyes filled again as he thought of his father's misery and worn and haggard face.

"Don't fret, my boy. It cannot be helped. And any day we may speak a ship bound to Sydney or Melbourne, in which case you will soon be back home; anyhow, the *Lady Alicia* should be in Sydney Harbour in four months from now."

Then the mate gave Tom some particulars about the nature of the voyage. The brig was really, as the captain had said, on Government service, having been chartered

by the New South Wales authorities to convey a boat to Wreck-reef—a dangerous shoal about two hundred miles north-east of Sandy Cape, and the scene of many disastrous wrecks. The boat, with an ample supply of provisions and water, charts and nautical instruments, and indeed every necessary for the relief of distressed seamen, was to be placed under a shed on an islet on the reef where it would be safe and easily visible. During the past four or five years, so the mate said, several fine ships had run ashore, and the last disaster had resulted in terrible privations to an entire ship's company, who for many months had been compelled to remain there owing to all the boats having been destroyed when the vessel crashed upon one of the vast network of reefs which extend east and west for a distance of twenty miles. From Wreck-reef the brig was to proceed to Noumea, in New Caledonia, where she had to discharge about a hundred tons of coal destined for the use of an English gunboat, engaged in surveying work among the islands of the New Hebrides group; "so you see, Tom," added Mr. Collier, "there's every probability of your seeing something of the South Sea Islands—if New Caledonia may be called one. We were there last year on the same errand, carrying coal for the naval people—in fact, old Sam always gets a charter of this sort; he is well known to them all, and although he is not much of a navigator, a better sailor man never trod a deck; and in spite of the brig being a slow sailer, she is, like her master, always to be depended upon. I have been with him now for more than three years, and during that time we have had several Government charters, of which the old man is very proud of speaking. He has many little vanities, which you must take care not to offend: one is that the brig is a remarkably fast sailer; another is his harmless habit of exaggerating her performances to any stranger whom he may meet; another is that those four old and useless six-pound carronades which lumber up the main deck are likely to be of immense service to the colony of New South Wales should the Russians ever make a descent on Sydney Harbour. They were in the brig when he bought her—she once carried ten such popguns, when she was employed in the China Seas, and I believe had occasion to use them more than once. However, if you want to please him just ask him one day to let the crew go to quarters for gun-practice. The magazine is in the lazarette

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—you'll see the hatch just under the cabin table—and every two weeks he has what he calls an inspection—there's enough round shot down there to load a ten-ton cutter. There really was a Russian scare in Sydney some years ago—long before I joined the brig, before you were born, in fact; and old Sam went mad with delight when the Governor hired the *Lady Alicia* to cruise up and down the coast to watch for the hostile fleet. However, he'll tell you all about it some day. But about the most amusing of his eccentricities is this—whenever we are entering port he likes to do so in style, and nearly drives the crew and myself crazy by rigging stunsail gear, and crowding the old ship with unnecessary and useless canvas; but he really believes that his friends are eaten up with jealousy at the fine appearance he imagines she presents. But there, I must leave you now.”

Presently the skipper's head appeared again—“My boy me and Mr. Collier and the second officer as is customary shortly after noon take refreshment will you take a glass of Madery which I can recommend being a consistent invidel myself for many years with liver.”

“Thank you, sir,” said Tom, as the kind old fellow brought him a glass of very good Madeira indeed, and watched him drink it. Then the skipper bustled below again to take his midday tot of brandy-and-water with his officers.

CHAPTER V.—THE CAPTAIN OF THE “BANDOLIER.”

NEARLY two long months had passed since Tom had lit that fateful fire on Misty Head, and Mr. Wallis, his hair somewhat greyer, and his face more deeply lined, was sitting with the captain of the *Bandolier* upon the grassy side of the bluff overlooking the bar. Both were smoking, and watching the figures of Jack and the little girl, who were on the beach below, Jack fishing, and the child wandering to and fro, busied in picking up seaweed and shells, and running up every few minutes to show them to the lad. Away to the northward, the headlands showed grey and soft through the misty sea haze which floated about the shore, and as Mr. Wallis let his gaze rest upon them, he leant his face upon his hand, and sighed heavily.

“Wallis,” said the seaman presently, and speaking in a low voice as he resumed the desultory conversation they had begun when they first sat down on the bluff to

wait until Jack and little Nita returned to them, “I want you to believe me when I say that there is not an hour of my life in which I do not feel that but for me this heavy blow would never have fallen on you.”

“Do not say that, Casalle. It was to be, and you do wrong to reproach yourself for the calamity with which it has pleased the Almighty to afflict me, and for which you are in no way responsible. And your sympathy has done much to help me. Heavy as is the sorrow which has come upon us both, we should yet reflect that we have no right to cry out in bitterness of spirit—for even though your wife was taken from you in that night of horror with awful suddenness, your little one was spared to comfort you; my boy was taken from me, but his brother is left. And as time goes on we shall begin to understand, Casalle, and even the dreadful manner of their deaths will in God's own time cease to be such an ever-present and heart-breaking reflection as it is to us now.”

The master of the *Bandolier* made no answer. He had not that hope which to some men is a source of such sublime strength when all the sweetness and joy and sunshine of life is snatched suddenly away, and the whole world becomes dark to the aching heart. But although he made no response to his companion's fervid speech, he felt its truth, and envied him the possession of such a deep-seated fount of calm unquestioning faith.

During the two months that had elapsed since he and his men had landed at Port Kooringa, a warm feeling of friendship had grown up between him and his host; and now that the time was drawing near for them to part—for he was to leave the quiet hospitable house under the bluff on the following day—he had tried to express his gratitude for the unceasing kindness and generosity which he, his child, and his officers and men had received at the hands of the owner of Kooringa Run.

Presently Wallis rose. “Come, let us go down to Jack and Nita. They have forgotten our existence, I believe; Jack is too busy pulling in whiting to even turn his head to see where we are, and Nita won't leave him, you may be sure.”

Casalle laughed softly. “Yes, they get on well together, don't they? I wonder how long it will be before I see her again,” he added wistfully.

“Not very long, I hope,” said the

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squatter cheerfully, "not long—for all our sakes. And, although I know what a wrench it will be for you to leave her, I am sure you are doing wisely in giving her to us until she is old enough to manage your house in Samoa, when you give up the sea altogether, and settle down a prosperous planter. And I do not think that you will be long absent from her at a time. I shall certainly expect to see you again in less than two years."

The captain shook his head. "I lost all I had in the world in the *Bandolier*, except her insurance. That will enable me to buy a small schooner to begin trading again; but I shall have to get long terms from the Sydney merchants for my trade goods. And I don't see how I am likely to see Kooringa again in two years—I'll have to make Samoa my headquarters for the next five, I fear."

"My dear fellow," said the squatter, "you shall do no such thing—I mean that I am determined not to lose sight of you for five years. Make Samoa your headquarters if you will, but I might as well tell you now what I want you to do for me. I want you to let me be your banker. I am not a very wealthy man, but I can well spare four or five thousand pounds. And I have written to Sydney to have that sum placed to your credit in the Bank of Australasia. Look upon it, if you have luck in your trading ventures, as a loan; if, unfortunately, you should meet with further misfortune, consider it as a gift, given freely and with sincere pleasure by one friend to another. With this sum you can get at least one of the vessels you need, and have enough capital left to buy all the trade goods you require, and pay for them, instead of handicapping yourself by giving bills to the Sydney merchants. There is nothing more harassing and deterrent to a man's energies than to know that his credit and reputation are in the hands of people thousands of miles away. Therefore, my dear Casalle, don't give a bill to anyone. If you find that five thousand pounds will not pull you through, my agent in Sydney will come to your assistance. . . . There, there, don't say another word. 'Twould be 'a moighty poor wurrudd, indade,' as Kate Gorman says, if we can't help one another. And then I don't want you to touch the *Bandolier's* insurance money. A thousand pounds is not much; leave it to accumulate for little Nita. Then again, as to your crew's wages, which you were intending to

pay out of the insurance—that is all settled too."

The seaman's eyes filled. "Wallis, what can I say? How can I tell you what I feel. I never had a friend in my life till I met you. My father, who was a native of Funchal, was killed in a boat accident when I was a boy of ten. He was a rough Portuguese whaler, and after his death my mother was left in poverty, and died when I was away at sea on my first voyage. My one brother, who was seven years older than me, also went to sea. I have never seen him since, but heard that long after he had passed as second mate he returned to our native island only to find that our mother was dead and that I had gone. Until I met my wife, who was a native of the New England States, I led the wildest, the most dissolute—"

The master of Kooringa held up his hand—"Never mind that, old man. There are not many—men such as you and I, wanderers on the face of the earth—who can show a clean sheet. Like you, I was sent out into the world when a mere boy, but I was less fortunate than you, for, instead of a life of honourable hardship, I was led to look forward to—by my parents' influence—to one of ease. You, perhaps, were driven to dissipation when on shore, by the rough life of a whaleship's foc'sle. I led a dissipated and worthless existence, because I was cursed with ample funds, and but few of my many associates in India, during all the time I was in the Company's service, had any other thought but of leading a short life and a merry one, or else making as much money as possible and returning to England to live upon it. And as in your case, a good woman came to my rescue. Now, my dear fellow, let us say no more on this subject. Come, let us see what Jack has caught."

Too overcome to find words to express his gratitude for such unlooked-for generosity from a man who, two months before, had been an utter stranger, the captain could only wring his companion's hand in silence.

The next day he would have to say good-bye to little Nita and the master of Kooringa, for the antiquated paddle-wheel coasting steamer *William the Fourth*, which called at Port Kooringa every three months, was then in harbour loading with hides and timber for Sydney, and he had taken passage by her. Brooker, the chief mate, and the whole of the crew, had preceded him some weeks by a sailing vessel,

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and were awaiting him in Sydney, for every one of them wanted to sail with him again—and indeed the feeling that existed between captain and crew was something more like comradeship than aught else.

But here I am again, drifting away to leeward and never a word about the *Bandolier* herself, and how she came to such mishap, and what happened between the time of that unlucky fire and now—when the two men and Nita and Jack are walking slowly home to spend their last night together in the old house which faced the restless bar.

When the missing boat had sailed past Misty Head at dawn on the day following the fire, Mr. Wallis had told the officer that they should reach the boat-harbour just below his house in another three or four hours; but misfortune overtook them. Twice was the boat, despite the officer's careful handling of her, filled with lumping seas and swamped, and in this dangerous situation furious rain squalls burst upon them, and lasted almost without cessation for two hours. So darkness had set in ere they landed at the little boat-harbour, drenched and exhausted, and the first intimation Captain Casalle had of the safety of the missing men was by being awakened out of a deep slumber by his American mate, who was standing at his bedside wringing his hands. He was soon followed by Mr. Wallis, who congratulated the master of the *Bandolier* most warmly upon his escape, and then added a few words of sympathy for the loss of his wife—the mate already having given him some particulars of the disaster to the ship and the manner of the poor lady's death.

The moment he had entered the house old Foster had told him of Tom's departure the previous day, and expressed some alarm when he found that his father had not seen him, and Mr. Wallis himself could not repress a feeling of anxiety. This he tried to put away by thinking that the lad would be sure to turn up early on the following morning. Many things, he knew, might have happened to delay Tom's return—primarily the fire, which might have caused him to make a wide detour, or else ride on hard to Koorunga Cape to avoid it; or perhaps—and this he thought very probable—the boy had had to take to the beach and wait till the fire burnt out before going on to the Cape. Nothing, however, could be

done until morning, and in the morning they would be sure to see Tom safely back, none the worse for his adventure. He was a brave lad, and the bush and its ways were a second nature to him.

Late that night, as the father and son were talking over the exciting incidents of the previous day, the captain of the *Bandolier* tapped at the dining-room door and then entered, followed by his mate. In a moment Mr. Wallis was on his feet and making his visitors comfortable, whilst big red-haired Kate brought in liquor, cigars, and pipes. Then until long past midnight the three talked, and solemn-faced Jack listened with devouring interest to the full tale of the wreck of the *Bandolier*.

She was a barque of nearly four hundred tons, and Casalle's own vessel. He, from the time he was a lad of fifteen till he was nearly forty years of age, had sailed in American whaleships. From "green hand" he had risen step by step from boat-steerer to junior officer, then to first mate, and finally to master; and then, having saved enough money to embark on a venture of his own, and believing that a fortune awaited him in the South Seas as a trader, he had bought the *Bandolier*, and sailed her out to Samoa. Here he purchased land from the natives for a trading station, and refitted the barque for her future voyages among the island groups. His wife, a young American girl, whom he had married in New London, Connecticut, six years before, had accompanied him with their little daughter; and whilst he was away in the *Bandolier* cruising through the New Hebrides and Solomon Islands, she remained in charge of the trading station. From the very first he had been fortunate, and at the end of two years he decided to take a cargo of cocoanut oil and other island produce to Sydney, sell it there, instead of disposing of it in Samoa, and invest the proceeds in a fresh supply of goods, which would practically give him a monopoly of the island trade from Samoa to the far-away Marshall Islands. But, as he expected to remain in Sydney for some months whilst the *Bandolier* underwent extensive repairs, he determined that his wife and child should accompany him. Then, as he thought it very likely he would be able to pick up for a low price in Sydney a small schooner of about a hundred tons, which he intended to use as a tender to the barque, he shipped ten extra native sailors—Tahitians, Savage Islanders, and Rotuma-



"A BLACK WALL OF SEA TOWERED HIGH OVER THE BURIED RAIL"

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hans—just the sort of men he wanted for the work in which the new vessel would be engaged.

"We made a splendid run from Samoa till we were, as I thought, fifty or sixty miles north of Lord Howe's Island," Casalle went on to say. "Then the weather became squally and generally dirty, and at four o'clock on the afternoon of the following day I decided to heave-to for the night, not wishing to attempt to run by the island in the dark, my chronometer being unreliable. Just before sunset a big, full-rigged American timber ship, with her decks piled high with lumber, came racing up astern. Just as she was abreast of the *Bandolier*, the squall before which she and my own vessel had been running, died away, and as we were within easy hailing distance I spoke her, and asked the captain for his approximate position. Much to my satisfaction it agreed with mine within a mile or two, so I kept on, expecting to pass Lord Howe's Island about midnight. The American ship, which was keeping the same course, soon drew away from us when the next squall came, for the *Bandolier* was under short canvas.

"About ten o'clock we were running before what appeared to be a steady breeze, although the sky was dull and starless. My wife and I were having a cup of coffee in the cabin and little Nita was fast asleep, when, without a word of warning, the ship struck heavily. The moment I got on deck I saw that there was no hope of saving the ship, for her bows were jammed into a cleft of a reef, and she was tearing her bottom to pieces aft, for every sea lifted her, and she soon began to pound violently upon the rocks. The native crew worked well—we carried but two white seamen exclusive of my first and second mates—and we got two of the boats away safely, under the chief mate and boatswain, each one with a fair amount of provisions and water. Most unfortunately my poor wife refused to leave the ship in either of these boats, declaring she would not leave till I did in the third and last boat; she, however, permitted Mr. Brooker here—my chief mate—to take the little girl with him. Then the child's nurse—a young Samoan native girl—satisfied that her charge was in safety, begged permission to remain with her mistress. Poor Solepa, her affection cost her her life. Five minutes after we struck, the ship began to fill very rapidly, and I to fear that, before we could get clear of her in the

third boat, she would swing round, slip off into deep water, and founder, for, although she was still bumping aft with every sea, she had worked free for'ard.

"Despite the darkness, however, we managed to get the boat ready for lowering, the second mate and two native sailors jumping into her, so as to cast her clear of the falls, and bring her astern the moment she touched the water. This they succeeded in doing, and at that moment, and whilst the steward, a sailor, and myself, were standing by ready to lower my wife and the native girl into the boat, the ship gave a sudden heavy roll to starboard and crashed over on her bilge. Then a black wall of sea towered high over the buried rail, and fell upon us. What happened immediately after will never be known, for I was knocked almost senseless by the sea, which tore my wife from my arms, and then swept us all over the side together.

"When I came to, many hours later, I was lying in the mate's boat, and learnt from him that not only had my wife and those who stood with me on deck perished, but my young second mate and his two hands as well; for the same sea which carried us overboard doubtless capsized the boat, then hanging on under the counter on the port side, and drowned them all. When morning broke we were about five miles off the southern end of Middleton Reef. A wild hope that some of them might yet be alive impelled me to head back for the reef itself, although I knew it was generally covered at high water. With the two boats we pulled right round it . . . nothing, nothing, Wallis, but the leap and roar of the thundering surf upon the coral barrier. As for the old *Bandolier*, she had slipped off into deep water and disappeared.

"My own escape from death was marvellous. The waiting boats had, in the darkness, been actually carried over the reef through the surf into smooth water beyond; then they pulled out through a narrow passage on the lee side, and returned to the scene of the wreck to look for the third boat. Suddenly the mate's boat fouled the wreckage of the deck-house, mixed up with some of the for'ard spars and canvas, and in getting clear of it, I was discovered lying dead, as was thought, on the side of the house. Whether I was washed there, or managed to swim there, I cannot tell. One of the South Sea Islanders jumped overboard, got me clear, and swam with me to the boat. Then

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when daylight came . . . as I have said . . . we went back to the reef."

He ceased, for he could speak no longer, and Brooker, the rough American mate, with a soft kindly light in his usually stern eyes, took up the tale.

"And then, yew see, Mr. Wallis, we had nothing to do but to keep away for Australia. So I went into the small boat, and for about ten days we kept together; then one night it came on to blow mighty hard from the south'ard, and when daylight came the captain's boat was not in sight, and I hed nothin' else to do but keep right on. And now here we are all together again, and thet little Nita sleepin' as sound and happy as if there was no sich things as misery and death in the world." Then he added savagely, "I should just like to come across that galoot of a skipper who was the cause of it all. Why, mister, instead of our being where we thought we were, we were just running dead in for Middleton Reef. I guess he had a narrow shave himself, but anyway I hope to see the feller piled up somewhere before I quit sea-goin'."

Then the two men rose and retired to their rooms, leaving the squatter and his son to pace to and fro on the verandah and watch for daylight and Tom.

And then when daylight came, and the sea mist lifted from the long, long line of curving beach, and Foster, glass in hand, joined his master to scan the yellow sand, and they saw naught to break its outlines but the whitening bones of a great fin-back whale, cast ashore a year before, the master of Kooringa Run turned to the old sailor with trouble in his eyes.

"Foster, I fear something has gone wrong with the lad. Even if he had lost his horse he should have turned up by now. He is too smart a boy to have let the fire head him off into the ranges. And yet where else can he be? Anyway, there is no time to lose. Jack, you and Wellington must saddle up at once, cross the river high up, and work down from the range till you come to the edge of the burnt country, then follow that right along to Kooringa Cape. I'll take Combo and Fly, and go along the beach between the bar and Misty Head. Most likely I'll meet him footing it home. But hurry, lad, hurry."

Before noon that day Jack and Wellington were searching the country at the foot of the ranges, and Mr. Wallis and his party were examining the beaches beyond Misty Cape.

But never a trace of Tom could be found, though his horse came home next day. The heavy rain squalls had obliterated any tracks made on the beach itself: and so when, after a week's steady search, in which all the surrounding settlers joined, Tom's shirt and trousers were found lying buried in the sand, by the action of the sea, the heart-broken father bent his head in silence, and rode slowly home.

And that night, as he and Jack sat with hands clasped together looking out upon the wide expanse of the starlit ocean, and thinking of the face they would never see, and the voice they would never hear again, they heard poor Kate Gorman, who had just laid her little charge to sleep, step out into the darkened garden, and, crouching on the ground, wail out the sorrow her faithful heart could no longer suppress.

"Oh, Tom, Tom, the baby that was your mother's own darlin' an' mine, an' mine, an' mine."

Old Foster came softly over to her—"Hush, Kate, hush! The master will hear you; don't make it harder for him than it is."

CHAPTER VI.—TOM MEETS SOME STRANGERS ON WRECK-REEF.

WHEN the *Lady Alicia*, after bruising and pounding her noisy way over the sea for ten days, made Wreck-reef and dropped anchor under the lee of the one little islet enclosed within the wide sweep of many lines of leaping surf, the ship's company were astonished to find the place occupied—a boat was drawn high up on the beach, and five ragged fellows were standing on the sand awaiting the landing of the people from the brig. As soon as Captain Hawkins set foot ashore, one of them, who appeared to be the leader, held out his hand, and in good English said he was glad to see him. He and his comrades, he said, were the only survivors of an Italian barque, the *Generale Cialdini*, which had run ashore on the coast of New Guinea, and after great hardships they had reached Wreck-reef some days before, and were now resting on their way to the mainland of Australia.

Old Sam eyed him critically for a moment or two, then said quietly—

"You want water and provisions I suppose."

The man nodded an eager assent, and indeed he and those with him presented a

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wretched appearance, for their faces and bodies showed traces of severe hardship.

"Very well," said Hawkins, "I'll give you both if you'll come alongside. My boat's crew will lend you a hand to get your boat into the water again." Then he drew the man aside a little and added, "and look here, mister don't you spin me any more cuffers about that Italian barque and New Guinea. I know where you come from right well and as my ship is on Government service I ought to collar the lot of you and hand you over to the Sydney police but I don't want to be bothered with you and there's an end of it and what is more I'll do what I can to help you"—here he grinned humorously—"I'll even give you a passage back to New Caledonia if you like I am bound to Noumea."

The stranger started back, his leathern-hued visage paled, and such a despairing look came into his wild eyes, that old Sam was sorry for his jest.

"There don't get scared I mean you no harm but at the same time for reasons of my own I don't want your company here. Have you any idea of what part of the coast of Australia you're going to?"

A sigh of relief broke from the man, then he answered in perfect English—"I will not try to deceive you. We escaped from Noumea thirty-eight days ago, and reached this place a week since. I do not know what part of the coast to steer for. A year ago a party of ten prisoners escaped and reached some place in Queensland safely; none of them were ever brought back to Noumea. And we are prepared for death—better to die of thirst on the ocean than live in such agony and despair."

The old man nodded, then mused—"Look here food and water I would give you in any case but I'll tell you why I am so disposed to assist you. When I was coming up the coast I picked up a boy lying on the beach. He was not able to tell me who he was or where he came from for two weeks and then it was too late for me to land him at any settlement. Now we want to send a letter to his father. Will you promise me to do your best to try and get that letter forwarded? I'm not playing any game on you you can see the boy and read the letter if you like when you come off to the ship."

"I swear to you that I will act honestly," answered the convict, who was trembling with excitement; "I shall do my best. And now I, too, will be open. When I and my comrades saw your vessel early this morn-

ing, we planned to attempt to capture her if she anchored here, and had not too many men on board. We thought she might be only a small schooner with not more than five or six men."

"Thank you kindly mister you've got the mug of a born pirate I must say. However I bear you no ill-will and I'll trust you with that letter if you don't send it on you'll never have a day's luck in your life and be the two ends and bight of a lyin' swab into the bargain have you got a compass? No why didn't you steal one when you pirated the boat? Might as well be hung for a sheep as for a lamb sonny now there's your boat ready follow me off to the ship but don't come aboard and I'll see that everything you want is passed down to you letter included and I'll give you a boat compass as well all you've got to do is to steer due west till you sight the Great Barrier Reef which you ought to do to-morrow night then run the reef down southerly till you come to the first opening you will find plenty of boat passages then once you are inside steer west again for Cape Manifold which you'll see thirty or forty miles away then follow the coast southerly again till you come to the settlement in Keppel Bay if you don't like landing there you can go on to Port Curtis—there's a lot o' people there but I don't think they will trouble to ask you many questions. A new gold field has been discovered a little distance back from there like as not you'll find half a dozen vessels lying there without crews so if you don't care to go on to the gold fields you'll find you'll have no trouble in getting a ship to take you away. But mind don't forget about the letter."

The convict's eyes glistened with pleasure, and his face worked—"I repeat that I will be true to the trust you are placing in me—I swear that this letter shall reach the person for whom it is intended. I am an escaped convict, and, a few hours ago, I was ready to turn pirate rather than be taken back to New Caledonia. Why I am what I am I cannot now tell you, but I am not a criminal, that I swear to you—only a despairing and desperate man on the verge of madness, through unmerited suffering and wrong."

He spoke these last words with such a passion and emphasis, that old Sam was impressed.

"Well there's many a wrong done. But you ain't a Frenchman are you?"

"No, I am an American, and a seaman."

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But five years in a chain gang have made me look as I look now. . . . Now, sir, I am ready to follow you. But before you go, will you let me take your hand? It will be something for me to remember. Come, sir, do not refuse me."

The old seaman held out his hand—"There you are mister if that will do you any good there it is."

"It will, it *has*, sir. I shall never see you again, but I shall never forget you. And some day it may be that you may hear the name of Henry Casalle spoken—Henry Casalle, sentenced to transportation for life for mutiny and for the murder of the captain of the ship *Amiral Jurien de la Graviere*; and as God is my witness, sir, I am an innocent and unjustly condemned man."

Hawkins looked at him keenly—"If you are lyin' to me you ought to be struck dead in your tracks but I don't believe you are Now I'll get aboard and get the boy to write that letter."

In ten minutes the energetic little man was on board the brig again, and giving Mr. Collier orders to get some provisions and water ready. Then he beckoned to Tom to come below.

"Tom my son you've got a longish head for a person of your age being an infant in the eyes of the law now cock your ears and listen those fellers who are comin' off in that boat are escaped convicts from New Caledonia and I am giving them assistance to get to the mainland the leader of 'em seems to be honest enough or else he's a flamin' out-an'-out liar and he's promised to see that your father gets a letter if you give him one now don't start askin' questions I believe the feller means to act all square and shipshape an' there's every chance of your father getting the letter in another month or two I'm doing a disrespectful thing to the Government just on your account by aidin' and abettin' no more an' no less under any circumstances but I'll chance it anyway so just you write."

So Tom, beaming with joy at the opportunity, set to work, with the skipper standing over him and dictating:

"Brig *Lady Alicia*: Wreck-Reef,
Lat. 22° 10' 25" S., Long. 155° 30' E.

"My dear Father,—I was rescued by Captain Samuel Hawkins of the brig *Lady Alicia* bound to the above and New Caledonia, and wish to state I have received every comfort she being on Government

service and he desiring to present his respects to you in every possible manner whatsoever and to inform you that for reasons not herein specified this letter may not reach you owing to extraneous and futile circumstances the master of the said brig will use all and every promiscuous endeavour to forward me (the said Thomas Wallis) to Australia by Her Majesty's ship *Virago* from Noumea should she as aforesaid be returning to Sydney previous to the aforesaid brig *Lady Alicia* also to inform you that clothing and all such supernumeraries shall be duly attended to on arrival at Noumea where Captain Samuel Hawkins is duly respected.

"Your affectionate Son,
"THOMAS WALLIS."

"That'll do Tom that'll do put it in an envelope and address it to your father but don't close it and be ready with it in ten minutes steward get a gallon of rum and five pounds of tobacco for these shipwrecked and distressed foreign seamen who are coming alongside and bring it on deck to me and ask Mr. Collier for that boat compass in his cabin."

Poor Tom, too dazed and muddled to know what he was doing, was just about to place his letter in the envelope when the mate came below for the compass. He showed what he had written to Collier, who could not help laughing.

"Write another, Tom, as quick as you can, and enclose it. Otherwise I'm afraid your poor father will think you have gone mad. Hurry up, Tom. Tell your father that you are well, and that you are writing very hurriedly as a boat is waiting. And say that there is a chance of your being able to get back to Australia by the *Virago* some time within six months. Perhaps it will be as well to say nothing about these Frenchmen—your letter might be opened, and might lead to the poor wretches being captured by the Queensland police."

Tom set to work with renewed vigour, and contrived to convey to his father as nearly as possible all that had befallen him since that direful day on Misty Head. Then he went up on deck with the letter.

The boat with the five "shipwrecked and distressed foreign seamen" was lying alongside, and old Sam was bustling up and down the poop, puffing and grumbling about being delayed on Government service "by a lot of blessed foreigners."

A large bag of biscuits, some tinned meats,

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and other provisions were being passed down into the boat, and Tom stared with astonishment when two of the sun-baked creatures thrust their hands into a sugar bag containing raw potatoes, and began to eat them with the greatest zest imaginable. Their leader stood quietly aft, holding the steer oar, looking straight before him, and giving monosyllabic orders to his crew regarding the stowage of the water and provisions. Once only he looked up and caught sight of Tom, who was standing just above him, letter in hand; he pulled off his battered and blackened straw hat and bade him good-day in low tones, then turned again to watch his comrades. Brief as was the glance which Tom had of the man's features, they seemed somehow to be familiar to him—to remind him of just such another type of face he had seen somewhere—the jet black hair and eyebrows, and the deep-set and somewhat stern-looking eyes beneath. Where had he seen such a face before? Then he remembered—the captain of the *Bandolier*! Yes, the resemblance was most striking, although the man before him was not so tall, and his beard and moustache were short and stubbly. Tom was too interested, however, in the men generally, to let his mind dwell on the peculiarity of the resemblance, and soon forgot all about it.

As soon as the convicts had stowed the boat properly, the leader looked up at the master of the brig, and said in French, "I am quite ready, sir."

"Well here's the letter it's not closed you see."

"I do not wish to read it, sir," said the convict, "therefore I beg you to close it."

"Oh all right just as you please. There it is. Now is there anything else I can do for you? No! Well good-bye. Let go that line there."

The boat's painter was cast off, the steersman flung her clear of the ship, the big lug sail was hoisted, and then, following the leader's example, the rest of the wild-looking creatures stood up, waved their hats and caps in farewell, and called out adieu. In ten minutes the boat was slipping out of the lagoon into the long sweep of the ocean swell, and then she was hauled up a point or two and headed off westward.

"Well that's satisfactory," said old Sam to the mate. "It's a good job we didn't get here a week sooner and provide these coveys with a brand-new boat and gear worth three hundred pounds now let's

get to work Mr. Collier and get her over the side Tom my bantam d'ye want to have a run ashore? There's any amount of crayfish out on the reef and the water is full of whopping blue gropers ask William Henry to give you his fish spear and you can prod it into one for our dinner."

Highly delighted, Tom fled along the deck, secured the spear from the Maori—who had taken a great liking to the boy—and was at once put ashore, where, his mind now free from anxiety to a certain extent, he revelled in the joys of chasing and spearing some splendid fish, for, as the captain had said, the shoal water inside the reef was literally swarming, not only with brilliant blue-scaled gropers, but half a dozen other kinds of fish. In less than an hour he had secured enough to last the ship's company for a couple of days, and then, burying them in the sand to protect them from the sun till the boat returned, he started off to investigate some wreckage at the farther end of the island. The history of these time-worn timbers had been told him by old Sam—they were the remains of the *Porpoise* and *Cato*, two Government vessels, lost there August 3, 1815, and on one of which the gallant and ill-fated Matthew Flinders was a passenger on his way to England; a third vessel, the transport *Bridgewater*, sailing away, and leaving them to their fate.

In less than a week the shed was built, the boat safely housed, and a flagstaff erected, and then the little islet was left to its loneliness again, and the never-ceasing roar of the surf upon the network of reefs and shoals which surrounded it, and once more the old brig's bluff bows were dipping into the blue, as she braced up sharp for her long beat against the trade wind to New Caledonia.

Thirteen days later she entered Noumea Harbour through the Dumbea Pass, and there awaiting her was her Majesty's paddle-wheel steamer *Virago*, Commander Bingham. As soon as possible the brig hauled alongside the warship, and the blue-jackets were at work on the coal, whilst old Sam, swelling with importance and using the longest words he possibly could, was relating the story of Tom's rescue to the captain and first lieutenant, and presently Tom himself was sent for, and, dressed in a best suit of the mate's clothes, three sizes too large for him, he soon made his appearance. The captain and his officers treated him

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with much kindness, made him stay to lunch, and got him to tell his story over again. Offers of clothing were made to him on all sides, and a smile went all round when old Sam, who was sweltering in a heavy frock coat, and wearing a brilliant green tie with a huge nugget of gold as a scarf-pin, begged them "on no account whatsoever to trouble," as he was going ashore with the young gentleman to buy him all that was needed, "in order that he may be in a manner of speaking assimilated with the proper conditions of irrefutable society without regard to expense on my part I being sure that his father will do the square thing with me."

After lunch the commander told the master of the brig that the *Virago* was not returning to Australia for another four or five months, when another ship would be sent to relieve her in her surveying work among the islands. "I am sorry, Mr. Hawkins, that this is so. Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to take your young friend to Sydney, but, as you see, you will be there long before we are. I trust that the letter he sent by those gentry you met at Wreck-reef will be delivered safely. Oh, and by the way, you need not, of necessity, when reporting that incident to the authorities here—er—er mention that you—er imagined these men were escaped prisoners."

Old Sam shut one eye. "I've my log to show 'em 'Five men only survivors of Italian barque *Generale Cialdini* wrecked on coast of Noo Guinea' etsettery."

The officer smiled. "I see, I see, Mr. Hawkins. But you have behaved very humanely—and wisely as well, in not letting them on board to mix with your crew; it might have led to some unpleasantness here with the authorities."

Early on the following morning the *Cyclope*, an ancient-looking corvette, arrived from Sydney with mails from France for the Governor and garrison, and the commander of the *Virago* went ashore to lunch with the captain at the Governor's house. When he returned, he sent for old Sam, and said—

"Mr. Hawkins, I have something to tell you that will, I think, interest you. The Governor has for three months been expecting the arrival of a large vessel—a transport—with stores for the garrison and convicts. She was dispatched from Saigon, in Cochin China, nearly six months ago, and now news has reached Sydney by an

island trading vessel that a large French ship was reported by some natives to have been lost on the coast of New Britain, and all hands either drowned or murdered by the inhabitants of a large village there. The Governor fears that this is the missing transport, and is most anxious to ascertain the truth. He has, however, no vessel available for such a long voyage—the *Cyclope* cannot be spared, and there are but two very small schooners, neither of which is fit for such a task, especially as the crew of the transport may all be alive, and would have to be brought here. Now he is most anxious to charter your brig to proceed to New Britain and search the coast. I told him I would send you to see him, so you had better go ashore at once. I should think you will find such a charter highly remunerative, and your knowledge of that part of the South Seas will be invaluable to you."

Old Sam, scenting a fat charter, was profuse in his thanks, and hurried off on shore, taking Mr. Collier with him as interpreter. Meanwhile the work of coaling the *Virago* went on vigorously, and by six in the evening the brig had hauled off from her side, and all hands were employed in cleaning and washing down.

The little man was soon back, bustling with excitement, having practically come to terms with the Governor, and the brig was to begin taking in stores as quickly as possible. As the *Virago* was to leave soon after daylight, Tom went on board to say good-bye to the commander and his officers, and much to his delight the former presented him with a handsome double-barrelled gun, with ample ammunition; told him to write again to his father and leave the matter with the Governor, in case the *Cyclope* might return to Sydney; said that old Sam was a thorough old gentleman, who would make a man and a sailor of him, and, shaking the lad's hand warmly, bade him good-bye.

For many hours that night Tom sat listening to the mate and captain discussing their future proceedings; then, unable to sleep, he went for'ard and woke up the Maori half-caste, and with him began fishing till dawn. Then as the first rays of sunrise lit up the hills, the smoke began to pour from the *Virago's* yellow funnel, the boatswain's whistles piped shrill and clear in the morning air, the great paddle-wheels made a turn or two, and churned under the sponsons, the boats were hoisted in, and

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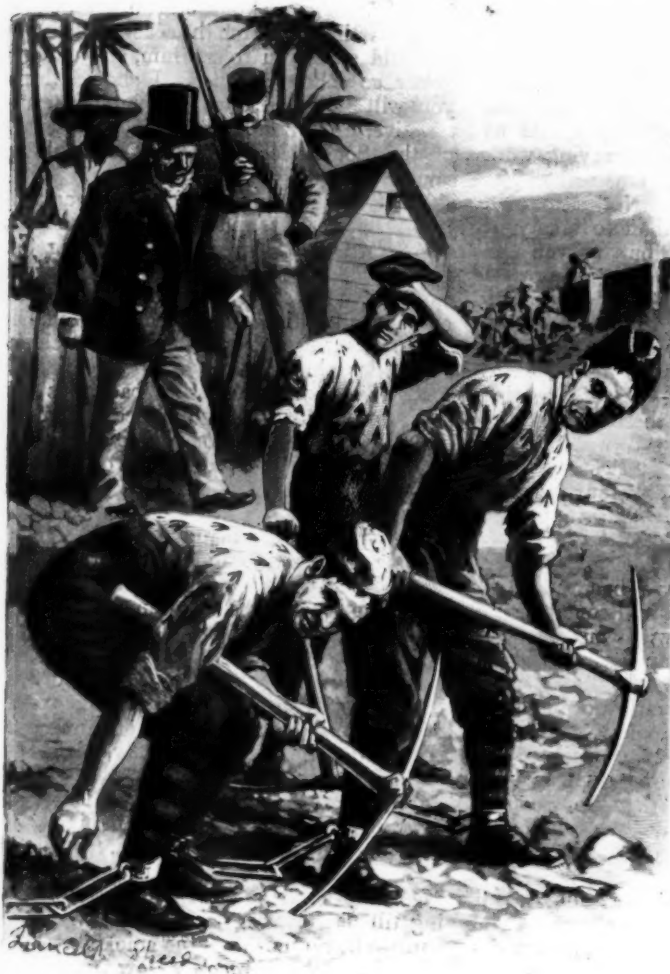
the tramp, tramp of the blue-jackets' bare feet sounded on the decks as the capstan was manned and the heavy cable came in, and then the old-fashioned war-vessel pointed her nose for Havannah Pass, and steamed slowly away for the New Hebrides.

For the next few days everyone on board the *Lady Alicia* was kept busy preparing her for sea. The Governor was sending an officer from the *Cyclope* who was nominally to command, but really to rely upon old Sam's judgment and advice

in everything until the survivors—if there were any—of the transport were found. If any seamen could have been spared from the *Cyclope* some would have been sent, but old Sam energetically assured the Governor that they would not be needed. He, however, did not demur to taking on board thirty rifles and a plentiful supply of ammunition.

Everything was ready at last, and then came the last day of the ship's stay in Noumea. The skipper had gone ashore to receive his final instructions, and Mr.

Collier and the second mate were pacing the deck together looking out for his boat, and whistling for a breeze to spring up. A dead calm had prevailed since early dawn, and the day had become swelteringly hot—so hot that even the marine infantry sentries guarding the convicts working on the fore-shore of the harbour were handling their rifles very gingerly, for the steel barrels were as hot to the touch as a burning coal, and the bare, treeless hills at the back of the newly formed town seemed to quiver and tremble, and appeal for rain to slake their parched and sun-baked sides. Out in the harbour lay, covered with awnings fore and aft, the *Cyclope*, a hulking, wall-sided old French corvette, which had been stationed at Noumea ever since Tardy de Montravel founded the settlement ten years before. Nearer inshore was a tiny French schooner, and between her and the warship was the *Lady Alicia*. For'ard, on the latter's deck, were Master Thomas Wallis and the black



"POOR CONVICTS ON THE CHAIN GANG CAN PICK 'EM UP WHEN DEY SENTRIES ISN'T LOOKIN' "

Tom Wallis: a Tale of the South Seas

cook, the latter being engaged in instructing Tom how to polish a shark's backbone, and make it into a walking-stick fit for a gentleman of quality.

Nearly five months had passed since Tom had first appeared on board the brig, and his always brown face was now browner still; and as he rubbed away at the shark bone, his honest grey eyes seemed full of content; and, indeed, he was happy enough. For now he was to have, he felt sure, further adventures.

"De ole man's a mighty long time ashore," said the coloured gentleman presently; "I guess he ain't comin' aboard till he's shown these yere Frenchers the proper way to wear a stove-pipe hat an' long tail coat. He's been an' gone an' took Maori Bill with him—'my servant' he calls him now; an' he's filled Bill's pockets with 'bout six pound o' tobacco cut up inter small chunks, an' Bill hez ter drop 'em along the road, so ez them poor convicts working on the chain gang can pick 'em up when dey sentries isn't lookin'."

"It's very kind of him, Joe," said Tom.

The negro nodded. "Oh, yes; he's right 'nuff dat way, is de ole man. It's on'y when he gits usin' 'em big high-class college words dat he makes himself contemptuous. Why sometimes I hez to hold on tight to somethin' for fear he'll see me laughin' and start out on me. Hullo, dere he is comin' down to the jetty with the French officer, and dere's the blessed breeze comin' too."

Ten minutes later, Captain Hawkins, perspiring profusely in his shore-going garments, and accompanied by a pleasant-faced young naval officer dressed in white duck, stepped on deck, and in the most dignified and awe-inspiring manner, asked Mr. Collier if he was "prepared to heave up."

"All ready, sir."

"Thank you Mr. Collier. Then please get the hands to loose sails and man the windlass without delay. Mr. Collier this is Lieutenant de Cann of the *Cyclope*. Mr. de Cann Mr. Thomas Wallis will you step below sir and see if your cabin appurten-

ances and gear generally are concomitant with all and any natural expectations one moment. Mr. Collier before you start heavin' up Mr. de Cann is doing me the honour to drink a bottle of Tennant with me and I will thank you to join us. Tom my bantam lay aft here and wet your whistle."

Five minutes later he was in his sea togs stamping about on deck, and bawling and roaring out the most dreadful threats of violence to his crew, as a "pack of fat lazy good-for-nothing swabs only fit to scrub paint work or clean out a stable instead of eatin' good vittels."

A boat was coming alongside from the warship with some of de Caen's fellow officers to wish their shipmate good-bye, and old Sam was determined to show them how he could do things.

The French officer looked inquiringly at Tom as he heard the din overhead, and Tom laughed.

"That is only his way, Mr. de Caen, and I really think the men don't mind it a bit. Mr. Collier says they like it, and that if the captain didn't bully them when he's getting the ship under weigh, or shortening sail, they would be afraid he was becoming ill. Look, here's the steward come for a bottle of Hollands to 'grease the windlass,' and you'll find that as soon as we are clear of the port that Captain Hawkins will call all the men aft, make them a funny little speech about good conduct, and give them more Hollands."

"Ah, I see, I see. I did hear from Captain Bingham that your captain was very droll sometimes."

"Boat from the *Cyclope* alongside, sir," said Tarbucket, a native sailor, unceremoniously putting his head down through the skylight, and receiving at the same time a tremendous thwack on his back from old Sam's open hand for his want of manners.

The Frenchmen jumped on deck, bade de Caen a hurried good-bye, and then descended into their boat again, as the old *Lady Alicia*, dipping her ensign to the *Cyclope*, began to slip through the water before the freshening breeze.



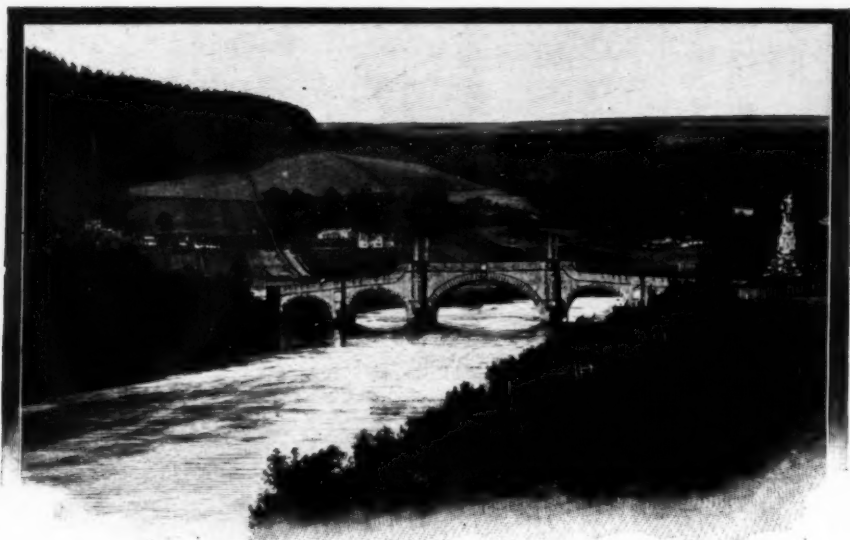


Photo by Duncan, Aberfeldy

GENERAL WADE'S TAIT BRIDGE, ABERFELDY

Old Highland Days

THE REMINISCENCES OF DR. JOHN KENNEDY

II

THE first school I attended was one of a number of "black houses"—black with age—beside the Moness burn that runs through Aberfeldy. The dominie, good John Maclean, was placed there by an educational society in Edinburgh, which I suppose contributed a part or the whole of his small salary. I cannot say what fees, if any, our parents paid; but I am told that as late as 1860 or thereabouts it was customary to give "handsel"—a new year's gift corresponding to the English Christmas-box—to the schoolmaster on the first Monday (Old Style) of every year. I well remember that eighty years ago each of us boys brought a peat under his arm every morning in winter to keep the school warm, and perhaps to cook the dominie's dinner. For text-books we used the "Shorter Catechism," with the alphabet on the first page; a primitive spelling-book; and the Book of Proverbs, an intimate acquaintance with whose

precepts is often credited with the canny cautiousness in the Scottish character. By degrees we attained to the use of a reading book that we called "The Collection," containing such pieces as "My name is Norval," Mark Antony's oration, and

"Pity the sorrows of a poor old man
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door."

There was no set date for the commencement of the summer (or, rather, autumn) vacation. This was a movable feast, determined by the agricultural situation. When the corn was ripe—by "corn" we understood oats and barley, for we grew no wheat—we made a juvenile conspiracy and bolted the master out of his own school till he promised us our holidays. There had been a custom shortly before our time of celebrating the end of the session by, if you please, a great tournament of cock-fighting,

and the boy and girl whose birds won the most victories were installed as "king" and "queen" of the school. Happily, my father managed to have that brutal custom stopped.

I must have been some considerable time under John Maclean, and yet when I aspired at the age of eight to join my elder brother at a school kept by a learned Mr. Macpherson—fifteen miles away, on the shores of Loch Tay and under the shadow of Ben Lawers—I found I could not fulfil the first condition of entrance: I could not read the Bible. Much humiliated, I at once made up my mind to conquer the difficulty, and in a fortnight I could read as well as most boys of my age. My first visit to Mr. Macpherson's school was of brief duration. There was then a large gathering of boys and girls of all sorts and conditions. But when my brother and myself returned I found only a select school of some five or six boys, who were taught in the master's house. Mr. Macpherson had the reputation of being a very learned man, and I have no reason to doubt that he was. One of my sons heard of him from the lips of old Highlanders who had carried this country schoolmaster's fame across the Atlantic to Canada, and whose tales about him might almost be called legendary. "He knew seven languages," said one, "and the Earl of Breadalbane used to bring his great friends to call upon him." As to the stages of my progress under him, my memory is utterly at fault. The only written relic of it in my possession consists of two large folio manuscript books, the headings of which are "Geometrical Problems" and "Trigonometrical Problems," with "Mensuration of Heights and Distances," containing careful nautical calculations about ships meeting and crossing each other's course. When I read the pages before me I am amazed to think how much knowledge I possessed at the age of ten or eleven that I have absolutely lost! Those pages, I feel sure, give no true idea of what we owed to Mr. Macpherson. That he was a conscientious man my father's regard for him is evidence enough for me. But, boylike, my memory has been more faithful to the ludicrous than to the serious, and my most vivid recollection of Mr. Macpherson is that of his sitting at his cosy fireside, asleep or apparently so, with his feet up on the two cheeks of the fireplace, and something like a Kilmarnock nightcap on his head. I

don't remember that we were ever malicious enough to take advantage of his slumber.

At first we boarded at Carie, a mile away from the school, in the house of Donald Macphail. The village of Carie consisted of about half a dozen houses, the walls partly of mud or turf, the floor of earth, and the rafters covered with a more perfect and shining black than a painter could produce—the work of the peat reek as it curled its way up from the fire in the middle of the floor to a hole in the roof. The human habitation and the byre were often separated only by a thin partition, and to enter the former you had to pass through the latter. Donald Macphail's house was better than those of his neighbours to this extent, that the cows had a separate building, and the fire was at one side of the room instead of in the middle and had two uprightstone "cheeks." Our winterevening's light was supplied by a "cruse," a small iron lamp like an elongated teacup, containing oil, in which lay a wick made of the pith of rushes. Sometimes we dispensed with the cruse and got our light from bits of resinous fir-wood blazing on the stone cheek of the hearth-stone. As for sleeping accommodation, it consisted of three box-beds—one in the kitchen or "but" end of the house for Macphail's two old sisters, and two in the "ben" end for our host, my brother, and myself. A box-bed was ("is" I suppose I should say) simply a large wooden cupboard, with sliding doors which were kept shut all day.

How long we lived under Donald Macphail's roof I don't remember—probably about two years. The impression of his character is ineffaceable. Many long dark nights we sat at his fireside, as happy as princes, while he told us some of his adventures as a Fencible, such as his chasing the will-o'-the-wisp, or read and explained to us a book full of interesting "conversations on science for young people." We were sometimes allowed to visit other houses in the hamlet, and I can now recall the very tones of the old man's voice when he appeared at the door and said, so tenderly and lovingly, "Are my laddies here?"

I think I must have had more than the average boy's share of "hairbreadth'scapes." Once a horseman galloped over me in the streets of Aberfeldy, but the hoofs only gave me a tumbling in the dust and I got up without a scratch. At another time a wild bull swam across the Tay, rushed into the manse yard and flung me up on his

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horns, but a cut lip and two broken teeth represented all the injury I suffered. Several other adventures which might have had the most serious results happened during my stay on Loch Tay-side. One day—only this was after Donald Macphail's death, and when we were quartered with another crofter—some of us boys, my brother William being the leader, bought a quantity of gunpowder to explode as a wedding procession passed, and the packet blew up in my brother's face, blinding him for some weeks.

Though out of place in time, I may perhaps interject at this point an illustration of our life at Carie which came to me many long years afterwards in a curious way. From my leaving the school on Loch Tay-side, about 1824, till 1891, I had not visited Carie. I had climbed Ben Lawers in 1871, and Schiehallion some years later, and had travelled by coach not a few times from Aberfeldy to Killin, within sight of Carie, but it was not till 1891 that I stood by the door with which I had once been so familiar. This was on the occasion of a visit to a nephew, lately returned from the Bengal Civil Service, who was spending a holiday with his family in Aberfeldy. My nephew drove me with some of his family to Loch Tay-side. Leaving our carriage in the highway, we walked through the hamlet, which seemed unchanged, to the spot where I knew I should find the old home. There it was, facing the lake, and looking across to the other side. I accosted the man who opened the door.

"Have you ever heard of a Donald Macphail who lived here many years ago?"

"Was he in the Breadalbane Fencibles?"

"Yes."

"Had he a nephew who went to Canada?"

"Yes."

"Come in, sir."

We went in. The house had been rebuilt in an improved style, but I knew the spot well. There was a feeble old man sitting by a comfortable fire. To the old man I said, "Have you ever heard of a Donald Macphail who lived here a great many years ago?"

"Yes," he promptly replied, and with emphasis, "he was a God-fearing man."

"Have you ever heard of a Mr. Kennedy who was long ago a minister in Aberfeldy?"

"Yes," he replied with equal promptness, adding without a pause, "he had two sons here at John Macpherson's school—Willie

and John—Willie died,¹ and they say John went to London."

It seemed like a voice from the other world. I think it was at this point that I asked a question for which I was well chaffed afterwards—"What sort of boys were they?" Whether the old man suspected my identity or not, like a shrewd Scotsman he was equal to the occasion—"Weel, they were just like other boys." Then he recalled the story of my brother's accident with the powder that exploded in his face, and said, "I was blamed for it, but it wasn't my fault. It wasn't I that bought the powder, I had no money. It was Willie that bought it." He added, "They were living in my father's house at the time." "Then," I said, "you are a Macpherson?" "Yes." I soon found an opportunity of telling him that I had a son who had been to Canada, and that he had visited a Highland colony in which he met with an old woman who told him, "I remember your father and his brother at school at Loch Tay-side, and they lived at Carie in the house of Donald Macphail, the most ladylike man I ever knew." A truer description of my old Highland guardian the most expert novelist could not have fashioned.

This visit to Carie, with its singularly unexpected survival of memories nearly seventy years old, might suggest not a few solemn thoughts. But I must restrain my pen and return from this digression to my school experiences.

One winter day, when the snow was deep, hearing that our mother was ill, and knowing that it would be useless to ask permission to go home and see her, we took French leave and started off to walk the fifteen miles back to Aberfeldy. The snow was so deep that the road could scarcely be traced, and sometimes we found ourselves on top of the stone dykes that bounded the fields. Five or six miles of plunging through snowdrifts exhausted our strength, and glad indeed we were when we succeeded in reaching an hospitable wheelwright's cottage in the valley running across from Loch Tay to Glenlyon.

For the last adventure in my series we

¹ My brother William died in 1884 of cholera, in Inverness, just as he was entering on the practice of his profession as a medical man. He was "greatly beloved," and deeply mourned. My only other brother, James, who was too young to go with us to Loch Tay-side, and who will long be remembered as an arduous and honoured missionary to India, has died at the age of eighty-four, while I have been preparing these notes.—J. K.

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were not to blame. On a drizzly autumn morning, while we were waiting outside the school for our master—who had gone to the fair at Killin the day before and had not returned—two gentlemen appeared, with guns and dogs and keepers, and asked us to beat the woods and put up the game for them. This we did, and at the end of the day we found ourselves a long way from where we started—wet, hungry, and cold. One of the gentlemen was Lord Glenorchy, afterwards Marquis of Breadalbane: the Marquis of whom the Queen speaks so affectionately in her Highland "Leaves." His lordship told one of his keepers to give the boys some money; but instead of obeying his instructions, this worthy took us to a small house, inhabited by a desperate smuggler, to drink whisky at our expense. I remember a cup of "whisky brose" being put into my hand—oatmeal stirred up with whisky instead of water—and I must have taken enough to intoxicate a small boy. I was told afterwards of my wandering about on the top of a rock by the side of a mountain stream; and I was conscious, miserably conscious, of lying down in a field with my brother, very sick, with snow or sleet driving over us. How long we lay I do not know; but at last we managed to reach good Donald Macphail's, and he promptly put us to bed. The next day we were unable to go to school. The man who brought us into this trouble left his whisky bill unpaid, and soon afterwards the smuggler demanded payment of us poor boys. I suppose the seniors were too frightened to resist the demand. At any rate, the only measure they took was to send a deputation from the school to Lord Glenorchy at Auchmore, nine or ten miles away, to ask for the money that he had promised. This I suppose they got and gave to the smuggler.

My next master was Mr. McKinlay, who presided over the parish school of Weem, across the river from Aberfeldy. A really educated man was Mr. McKinlay, but a good deal too fond of the bottle. Sometimes his headache was so bad after his nocturnal excesses that in the morning his deaf old housekeeper, Tibby, would put her head in at the schoolroom door and say, in a low and squeaky voice, "Mr. McKinlay is not well this morning, and there'll be no school." Then up went our caps in the air with a hearty "hurrah," and away we went for a holiday. But when, after a night's indulgence, he was just well

enough to come to school, his scholars suffered from his savage temper. I remember on one occasion standing by his side, as he sat in his *cathedra*, repeating my Latin lesson, when, angry at some little mistake, he struck me on the face with his left hand, and sent me spinning on the floor. It was this wild dominie who had ridden over me, as I have said, some years before.

When I was a boy, "smuggling," or the manufacture of illicit whisky, was one of the principal industries of the Highlands. It was carried on in every glen and on every hillside, and neither those who made nor those who drank the whisky—these two classes comprising a very large part of the population—thought this form of law-breaking at all disreputable. General Stewart of Garth, whose riding into Aberfeldy on his old grey Corunna charger I well remember, published in 1822 a considerable work on "The Highlanders," in which he describes the general feeling of disgust and indignation when landlord-magistrates inflicted penalties for illicit distilling, seeing that the whisky thus produced enabled the people to pay the landlords their rents; considering also that freights to the Lowlands were so high as to prevent any legitimate profit being made from Highland barley; and, finally, that the illicit whisky was so much better than that on which the king's duty had been paid! The contest between exciseman and smuggler seems to have been considered a sort of game in which either side was entitled to any advantage it could score; for General Stewart says that when the dragoons came raiding into the glens the smugglers, far from offering any resistance, showed true Highland courtesy in inviting the raiders to partake of refreshments, and even helped to destroy the implements of their own trade when destruction was inevitable.

But this I know well, that the smugglers used all their ingenuity to prevent discovery, and that their efforts were sympathised with and seconded by large numbers of their fellow countrymen. I remember one day when the troopers from Perth suddenly came over the hills and descended in force on Aberfeldy. Speedy as their movements were, the news of their invasion came faster than they did, and the consternation was as if the village was about to be besieged. Many of the people had illicit malt in their possession, and some of them

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came to my father and begged for the keys of the chapel, feeling sure that if they could stow the malt there it would escape the house-to-house search that was sure to be made. My father had always set his face against smuggling, and refused the key; but some of the malt was thrown over the fence into the chapel garden for sanctuary. The schoolmaster was not so scrupulous as the minister, and my brother in his "Early Days" tells the result. "I was at school on that memorable day," he says. "In hot haste some bags full of malt were brought in to the end of the schoolhouse, to its darkest part, and the boys, of whom I was one, were told to sit on them. Soon, Munro, the exciseman, accompanied by a soldier, came to the door and said: 'Mr. Maclean, have you anything here in our line?' to which he replied there was none. They stepped in a foot or two, took a glance, and went away, no doubt trusting to the dominie having told them the truth."

A great deal of malt was seized in the village nevertheless, and about two hundred bolls or sacks of the forbidden article were carted into Aberfeldy that day from various parts of the country round, under military escort. The exciseman, Munro, was later on nearly murdered by a detected smuggler, who was not quite so submissive as those described by General Stewart. The culprit, on that occasion, was sentenced to transportation. But as a rule, when military support was not at hand, the law was broken openly and with impunity. I remember the smuggler who played us boys the trick I have related passing through Aberfeldy with a cartload of contraband whisky under the very eyes of the exciseman, who did not dare to interfere.

Whisky, whether made unlawfully and well or lawfully and ill, played a large and often scandalous part in the life of our Perthshire Highlands, as in that of most other parts of Scotland. The worst of it was that the disgrace of drunkenness was not realised. Men in good positions could indulge in periodical excesses without losing their status in society. I have told of one of my schoolmasters who was often incapacitated by drink. I wish I could say that the clergy were faultless in this matter. It would not be true. There were noble men in their ranks in many parts of the Highlands, but, alas! there were many ignoble. Robert Burns's "Holy Fair" might have found its counterpart, though

less gross, in Perthshire. I once attended a Sacramental gathering not far from my home. It was the great annual festival of the parish. The crowd, from parishes around, was so great that the preaching service had to be held in the churchyard. Between the churchyard and the village public-house there was a constant stream of people to and fro. The scene in the public-house, where the open windows allowed one to see the crowd within enjoying their whisky and oat-cakes, was not so strange or sad as the scene in the preacher's tent. His manner, and the copiousness of his tears, were too singular to escape attention. Yet this man, and others like him, grew old in their parishes, unchallenged by any Church court; and the people were content to "sit under" them in church; to sit with them drunk at their own tables, and to see them drunk not only at fairs, but at baptisms and at weddings.

If the ministers could not discipline themselves, it is small wonder if they failed to exercise the discipline of the Church over their flocks. In those days it was the custom that church members becoming the parents of illegitimate children should do penance before the congregation by placing themselves on the "cutty stool" and being admonished from the pulpit. A notorious offender in our district, a well-to-do farmer, sent a keg of whisky to the parish minister as a bribe, to buy himself off from the public disgrace of the cutty stool. When this was known to the kirk session, my uncle, John Kennedy, who was one of the elders, objected to the minister's acceptance of the bribe. "Weel, John," the minister said, "it was done afore ye were born, and it will be done when ye are rotting in the grave." "Then I shall not stay to see it done," replied the elder; and he at once left the session and joined the church of his "dissenting" brother.

It need hardly be said that such a state of affairs among the parish ministers as I have described is now a thing of the past, and of the long past. One powerful factor in bringing about this change was undoubtedly the influence of those itinerants, those "apostles of the Highlands," of whom my father was one. Their preaching was often caricatured, but it was greatly needed, and was justified by its results. Describing one of my father's visits to the depths of Glenlyon, an early hearer wrote to



A WINTER PREACHING IN THE GLEN

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me, now long ago: "On some occasions the whole congregation was moved—the moaning and sobbing like a fold of lambs when separated from their dams. However busy the people might have been, when the 'hour of prayer,' Mr. Kennedy's fixed hour to begin the sermon, was come, all work was thrown aside, and a rush to the barn, hamlet, or hillside might be seen from every corner of the glen. I have seen your father stand almost knee-deep in a wreath of snow, while at the same time it was snowing and drifting in his face all the time he was preaching, and the people gathered round him, patiently and eagerly listening to the fervent truths that proceeded from his lips. 'Ach gu bhi a' co-dhunadh' (but to conclude); when he came to that his voice faltered, his eyes brightened, and you would think he was, as it were, rushing between men and death, or plucking them out of the fire."

On his little brown pony the minister rode even farther to the north-east than Glenlyon was away in the north-west. An old minister, who in his youth came under the spell of James Kennedy's message, once wrote to me: "When the 'great Kennedy,' as we used to call him"—he was a little man as far as inches went—"came the way, bands of us followed him to every place where he preached, between Moulin and the head of Glenisla, Glenshee, Blackwater, Blairgowrie, Kirkmichael, and Glenbriarachan. By many of my own friends and countrymen he was then regarded as the Whitefield of the Highlands. He was the most extraordinary preacher ever I heard for reaching the conscience!"

They not only followed him about when he visited their own neighbourhood, but came, many of them every Sunday, fifteen or twenty miles, to "sit under" him in Aberfeldy, though they had to start at four in the morning to do it. The sight of these pilgrims travelling in carts, on horseback, and even on foot, the old men clad in homespun and often wearing the Highland bonnet—the old women wearing the snow-white "mutch" and carrying sprigs of sweet-scented "southernwood," as well as white handkerchiefs and the beloved Psalm-book in their hands—was by no means lacking in picturesqueness. Reaching Aberfeldy long before the hour of service, they were hospitably entertained at breakfast by the villagers. Then they streamed into the plain little chapel, and the

worship began. The minister preached first in English, and then, with only a few minutes' interval, in Gaelic at much greater length and probably with greater ease. Those few who knew only the English came out before the Gaelic sermon began. My mother was one of these, for, though she was a Highlander, belonging to the clan Macfarlane, she had been brought up just over the Lowland border. While her husband was delivering his Gospel message in the language that Adam is said to have brought out of Eden, the good wife was busy preparing dinner for a considerable number of the congregation. As soon as the church was emptied the manse was crowded, and I never remember seeing my mother sit down on a Sunday till all the visitors had been served and had taken their departure. Many of them did not get home till midnight; but the way, though long, was made cheerful with "songs of Zion," and with talk of what they had heard in the morning. These "missionary folk" were indeed as cheerful as they were serious; and their strong opinions on the subject of Sabbath-breaking did not preclude their taking reasonable views of what constituted a breaking of the Sabbath. I remember one Sunday when, the river having overflowed its banks, the minister exhorted his flock to hurry away and save their crops from the flood.

I have told in a little memoir of my father something of the bitter persecution to which he was subjected for daring to "turn the world upside down." One Sunday evening in summer he was preaching in a field on the north bank of the Tay, which happened to be on the estate of Sir Neil Menzies. Sir Neil was entertaining a party of his friends, the Strathtay lairds, at Castle Menzies, about a mile away. Hearing from one of his guests what that fellow Kennedy was doing, Sir Neil sallied out, came behind the preacher in the crowd, and began to drag him away by the collar. When the angry baronet had dragged him as far as the road, the minister stood still and would be dragged no farther. "I am now on the King's highway, Sir Neil," he said; "you had better take care what you do."

"What will you do now, sir?" said Sir Neil.

"Oh, I'll just go over there"—pointing to the other side of a burn which separated the Menzies estate from that of Killiechassie—"and preach there."

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"I'll roar, sir, that the people can't hear you!"

"Oh, Sir Neil, you'll soon tire of that."

The baronet then released his grasp. When he recounted his adventure to his guests, one of them said, "Ah! if Kennedy were what I knew him, you would not have found it so easy."

farmers, was sufficiently near the Highlands to be subject to the occasional raids of wild Highlandmen in days not very remote from her own. On one occasion when her grandfather had made preparations for a feast—a baptismal feast—a band of Rob Roy's men came down from their preserves around Ben Lomond, and carried off all

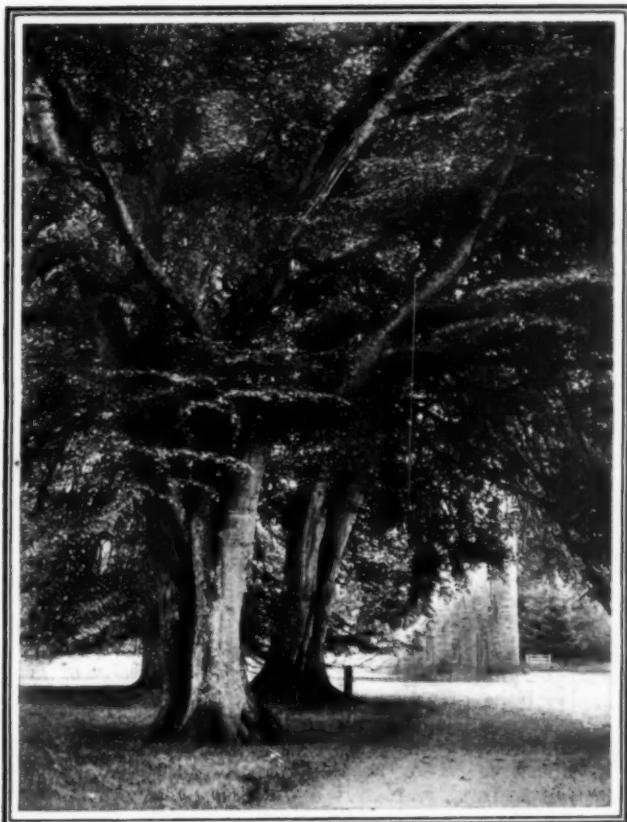


Photo by Duncan, Aberfeldy

OLD BEECHES AT CASTLE MENZIES, WEEM

In the end the minister conquered the esteem as well as the respect of the baronet; but for years the "mission folk" suffered more than ridicule for their faith, and on several estates farmers were deprived of their farms for daring to worship God according to their conscience.

I have spoken of my mother as having been brought up in the Lowlands; but the fertile carse of Stirling, in which her ancestors had for generations been prosperous

the provisions. My mother herself had more than one adventure of a sort that one generally associates with fiction rather than with real life. She happened to possess not only a warm heart and a singularly strong intellect, but the perilous endowment of personal beauty, which drew around her a multitude of suitors. Of these, some were utterly unscrupulous as to the means by which they sought to obtain their end. A Stirling "bailie," for one, was resolved to

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have her, and got some of her own kinsfolk to assist in a conspiracy which he planned. While visiting an uncle in Stirling she was

according to the old Scottish law. But shortly before the hour at which the party was to assemble she received a hint, from which she judged that foul play was intended. Night had already fallen, but she set forth on foot, and never halted till she reached her father's door, fourteen miles distant, near Port of Monteith, at four o'clock in the morning. Another of her suitors was a neighbouring laird, who, when lands and wealth failed to purchase her heart, planned to carry her off by force. One night he came to the door and persuaded her to come outside for a little conversation. Peering through the trees, she spied the carriage

in which she was to be carried away, and, giving the laird the slip, she fled back to her brother, whom she had beckoned to follow as she left the house.

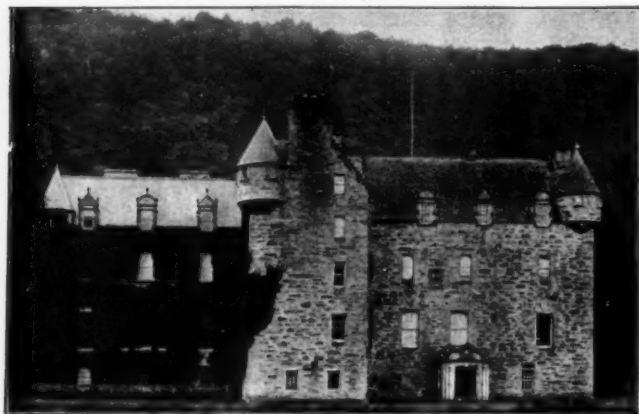


Photo by D. Cameron & Son, Aberfeldy

CASTLE MENZIES, WEEM

invited to a party, in the midst of which she was to be inveigled into a form of marriage, which, with all the appearance of a jest at the time, might be construed into a reality

A Russian Idealist¹

IF I were asked to designate the particular characteristic of the great Russian writers—Tolstoy, Turgenief, Dostoyevski, and the rest, I would have no hesitation in saying—their sincerity. They speak right from their hearts, frankly, simply, often with exquisite art, but always sincere. A second characteristic is perhaps hardly less prominent—their melancholy. A broad deep wave of sadness flows through the best Russian literature. It is not the sentiment or pathos of Germanic literature, it is the Slavic restrained emotion, the melancholy of the Slav race in their weakness and sorrow. It pervades the old Slavonic popular ballads, it is everywhere met with in Tolstoy and his contemporaries.

Prince Kropotkin's book is not the work of a great literary master, although one comes across passages in it of exquisite

beauty and felicity of language, but it is genuinely Russian. It is perfectly sincere, and it contains a substratum of unutterable sadness. "The Memoirs of a Revolutionist," he calls it; but what a Revolutionist! He depicts for us a man of perfect modesty, a man of gentle, kindly deeds, never judging harshly, even in his passion preserving sanity and sobriety. He shows us a man loving with ardour his strange, featureless, formless land, loving with still greater love the oppressed and downtrodden millions who live their sad monotonous lives on those illimitable Russian steppes. He draws the portrait of one loving virtue for its own sake, but compassionate and merciful to the tempted, and hating the vicious and the tyrant with an unspeakable hatred. A simple, kindly, tolerant, even lovable man, a revolutionist

¹ "Memoirs of a Revolutionist." By Prince Kropotkin. Two vols. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

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"without emphasis and without emblem," eminently humane and mild.

The story of Kropotkin's life is well worth telling. Its interest never flags. The record contains practically the history of Russia for thirty years, seen through keen, wakeful eyes. We have an absolutely truthful man narrating a life full of incident and action, "idyll and tragedy, drama and romance." We have this aristocratic anarchist describing the world in which he was brought up. We are shown with indisputable fidelity the life of the Russian nobles, their extravagance and meanness. We obtain glimpses of the Court of St. Petersburg, and lightning sketches of three Tsars. We are shown the futility, the narrow-mindedness, the heartlessness of Russian rule, and the cruel treatment which was meted to the serfs before their emancipation was proclaimed. More interesting still is the unconscious portraiture of the author himself—Prince and artisan, one of the Emperor's pages and a hungry scribe, a Cossack officer, a scientific geographer, the explorer of unknown regions, the Government official and administrator, the socialist propagandist, the prisoner in a damp dungeon, the hunted revolutionist. And whether Kropotkin is attending on Tsars or grand dukes, administering wild districts in Manchuria, living in poverty among the artisans in Switzerland and London, he is always strenuous, always sincere, and always hopeful. Few men have moved in all layers of society as Kropotkin did, and he knows them all.

Moscow as it was

Prince Peter Kropotkin was born in Moscow in 1842, one of the sons of a large landed proprietor owning several estates, and the lord of 1,200 serfs. He gives a charming picture of Moscow as it was in those days, and of the manner in which the nobles lived in the old equerries' quarter of the city:

"In these quiet streets, far away from the noise and bustle of the commercial Moscow, all the houses had much the same appearance. They were mostly built of wood, with bright green sheet-iron roofs, the exteriors stuccoed and decorated with columns and porticoes; all were painted in gay colours. Nearly every house had but one storey, with seven or nine big, gay-looking windows facing the street. A second storey was admitted only to the back part of the house, which looked upon a spacious yard, surrounded by numbers of small buildings, used as kitchens, stables, cellars, coachhouses, and as dwellings for the retainers and servants. . . .

About midday the children made their appearance under the guidance of French tutors and German nurses, who took them out for a walk on the snow-covered boulevards. Later on in the day the ladies might be seen in their two-horse sledges, with a valet standing behind on a small plank fastened at the end of the runners, or ensconced in an old-fashioned carriage, immense and high, dragged by four horses, with a postillion in front and two valets standing behind. In the evening most of the houses were brilliantly illuminated, and, the blinds not being drawn down, the passer-by could admire the card-players or the waltzers in the saloons."

"Opinions" were not in vogue in those days. Nicolas I was Tsar, and he was no friend of the man with views. His iron rigid rule had crushed Russia flat, and the new spirit which was to revive and convulse, only, alas! to disappear again, was still far away. Old Kropotkin was very proud of his origin, his family was descended from one of the hundred and fifty old boyars who had the privilege of saying that they alone were real aristocrats. They corresponded to the British families whose ancestors came over with the Conqueror. The old prince was an ignorant man, but just, and, measured by the standards of those days, humane and generous. Like all the nobles of the time of Nicolas I, he was a soldier; not that he had any love of war or camps, but soldiering in those days was fashionable, and military duty consisted in teaching soldiers to dress neatly, to stand motionless on parade, or to perform all sorts of superhuman tricks with their arms and legs. It was to this life that young Kropotkin was early dedicated. It was a life so meaningless, so narrow, so silly, that it is no wonder he revolted against it when still a lad in his teens.

Early Years

His mother was an attractive woman with the nature of an artist; and Kropotkin's tender heart is nowhere more evident than in the beautiful allusion to his sorrow at her death when he was yet quite young:

"All who knew her loved her. The servants worshipped her memory. Our whole childhood was irradiated by her memory. How often in some dark passage, the hand of a servant would touch my brother or me with a caress; or a peasant woman, on meeting us in the fields, would ask: 'Will you be as good as your mother was? She took compassion on us.'"

A French tutor was obtained for the young Kropotkins, and under his direction they studied the elements of history and the

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French language. He was one of Napoleon's officers who had been left behind, and he used to tell his pupils terrible tales of the retreat from Moscow. Even in those early days Peter Kropotkin seized hold of that remarkable theory elaborated by Tolstoy in his "War and Peace"—the part, namely, which the unknown masses play in the accomplishment of all important historical events, even in war. When the weather was bad, and they could not go out, the old tutor would also tell them of his campaigns in Spain, and how he was wounded in a battle. Every time he came to the passage where he felt the warm blood streaming into his boot, the boys would jump up, kiss him, and call him all sorts of endearing names.

Kropotkin's early years were made memorable by a visit to Court, when he played the part of a Persian boy at a fancy-dress function of some kind. It was here he first saw the dread Nicolas I, who made a coarse joke about him to his daughter-in-law and offered him sweets. It was at the same ball that one of the grand dukes, the Tsar's brother, rubbed Kropotkin's nose upwards, hurting him so much that he burst out crying. The empress, sitting on a high velvet chair with a gilded back, let the weeping boy put his head in her lap, and here he went to sleep.

Household Serfs

Those were the ante-emancipation days, and the wealth of a landed proprietor was at that time measured by the number of "souls" he owned. So many "souls" meant so many male serfs; women did not count. The eight members of the Kropotkin family had fifty servants in their Moscow house and seventy-five in the country. Four coachmen were not enough to attend a dozen horses, and five cooks were employed cooking the food. A dozen men waited at dinner, one behind every chair, and girls innumerable tumbled over one another in the kitchen and pantries. The old prince had his own piano-tuner, a serf, his own band of musicians, his own confectioners, tailors, saddlers—all of them his property. He was, as we have already seen, not bad to them, but from time to time young Kropotkin was witness of many a scene of terror, and obtained knowledge of such terrible cruelty exercised on these unfortunate people, that the seeds were early sown which grew

into a passionate hatred of tyranny and oppression.

Kropotkin's description of his life at their country house in the province of Kaluga is delightful. We see the boy alive to all the beauties of nature; we see him doubly alive to the cares and woes which filled the lives of his humble fellow-creatures. There was a forest near his home, "a beautiful pine forest"—

"The sand in that forest was as deep as in an African desert. Immense red pines, centuries old, rose on every side, and not a sound reached the ear except the voices of the lofty trees. In a small ravine a fresh crystal spring murmured. Noiselessly a squirrel ran up a tree, and the underwood was as full of mysteries as were the trees. In that forest my first love of nature and my first dim perception of its incessant life were born."

Here is a delightful picture in few words of the view from the balcony of the country house. "It looked out on the Siréna river, with the ruins of an old earthen fortress, where the Russians had offered a stubborn resistance during the Mongol invasion; and farther on, the boundless yellow grain-fields, with copses of woods on the horizon." It seems difficult to realise that the man who loved these sweet and gentle memories, and treasured them in his heart, could be the revolutionist who had warm friends among the terrorists, and whose panacea for the ills of the world was to be found in anarchy.

The Corps of Pages

It was decided that the young Kropotkin, greatly against his will, should enter the military service of the Empire. His father had powerful friends, and with their assistance the boy was entered at the school in which the Imperial corps of pages was trained. The boys and young men in this institution were all the sons of the highest nobles in the land. From their number those lads were selected who had the honour of special attendance on the emperor, empress, and grand dukes. A place in the corps of pages was greatly coveted, for it usually meant that a boy here had only to distinguish himself in some way to attract the attention of the Tsar or some of his relatives. In that case his rapid rise was certain. Prince Kropotkin says many terrible things about this school, some of them almost incredible. It sometimes happened that a thousand blows with a birch rod were administered to a boy as a punishment. One boy actually suffered this

brutal punishment for the crime of smoking a cigarette. The doctor stood by the tortured boy, and only ordered the punishment to end when he ascertained that the lad's pulse was about to stop beating. The bleeding victim was carried away unconscious to the hospital. The grand duke, who was commander of the military schools at the time, would have removed the governor of any school in which such cases did not occur. "No discipline," he would have said.

In those days the punishments inflicted on common soldiers were barbarous beyond belief. One can hardly realise that this happened only forty years ago:

"The sentence was that a thousand men should be placed in two ranks facing each other, every soldier armed with a stick of the thickness of the little finger, and that the condemned man should be dragged three, four, five, and seven times between these two rows, each soldier administering a blow. Sergeants followed to see that full force was used. After one or two thousand blows had been given, the victim, spitting blood, was taken to the hospital and attended to, in order that the punishment might be finished as soon as he had more or less recovered from the effects of the first part of it. If he died under the torture, the execution of the sentence was completed upon the corpse."

For a short time before he entered the pages' school Kropotkin had the advantage of receiving instruction from a Russian house teacher named Smirnoff, who undoubtedly exercised a powerful influence on the lad. He was a man of strong character, of sound literary judgment, and fearless, evidently, in expressing his opinions. Young Kropotkin was readily interested. Nekrasoff became his poet, the poet of the green steppes carpeted with flowers, the poet who, far more than Pushkin, has a claim to be called the national singer of Russia. He also learned to admire Gogol the novelist and satirist. Numerous verses and chapters of these authors were not permitted by the censor to see the light, so Kropotkin and his teacher used to copy whole books of Gogol and Nekrasoff for themselves and their friends. The young prince would imitate their style in his first literary ventures, and at the age of thirteen he had started a monthly review, which circulated among his household friends, Smirnoff, and his brother. The subscription was so many sheets of paper.

We have now some notion of the character of the boy who entered the corps of pages at the age of fifteen. Here he

became an Imperial page and a military student, and in addition to his military studies he devoted much time, even at that early age, to history, political economy, geography, and astronomy. His beloved Nekrasoff remained his favourite, for although the verses of the poet were very often unmusical, they appealed to his heart by their sympathy for the downtrodden and ill-treated. It is singular to watch this lad, brought up in the midst of aristocratic surroundings, now in the midst of Court and military life, in contact with tears and grand dukes, and princes of high degree, and yet "longing to get a purpose in my life worth living for," and loving a poet because of his sympathy for those in distress.

During the five years which Kropotkin spent in the corps of pages he saw much and heard more of the Tsar Alexander II. He was present at the opera once, and saw the enthusiasm with which the young monarch was greeted. Emancipation was in the air, and it was known that Alexander was striving to carry through the great enactment which has made his name immortal. Kropotkin knew Alexander well, and little scraps of analysis of his character from this most keen observer are peculiarly interesting.

"Alexander was certainly not a rank and file man, but two different men lived in him, both strongly developed, struggling with each other; and this inner struggle became more and more violent as he advanced in age. He could be charming in his behaviour, and the next moment display sheer brutality. He was very kind in his manner towards his friends, but that kindness existed side by side with the terrible cold-blooded cruelty—a seventeenth century cruelty—which he displayed in crushing the Polish insurrection, a cruelty of which no one would have thought him capable. He thus lived a double life, and at the time of which I am speaking he merrily signed the most reactionary decrees, and afterwards became despondent about them. Towards the end of his life, this inner struggle became still stronger, and assumed an almost tragical character."

Years of Travel

When Kropotkin passed his final examinations in the military school he was privileged as an Imperial page to join any regiment he liked. But his mind had been ripening rapidly, and, scorning the existence led by the officers of the guard in the capital, he determined to join a Cossack regiment on the Amur, in Eastern Siberia. He might be useful there, he felt. At any rate, it would be a fresh free life. He would come in contact with natural people,

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with mountain, stream, and forest. He was glad to leave the artificial life and the cold splendour of St. Petersburg. During the next five years he travelled fifty thousand miles in carts, on board steamers, in boats, on rafts, on horseback. He was speedily taught how little man really needs as soon as he leaves the enchanted circle of conventional civilisation. "With a few pounds of bread," he writes, "with a few ounces of tea in a leather bag, a kettle and a hatchet hanging at the side of the saddle, and under the saddle a blanket, to be spread at the camp fire upon a bed of freshly cut spruce twigs, a man feels wonderfully independent, even among unknown mountains thickly clothed with woods or capped with snow." Kropotkin worked hard in the important administrative office entrusted to him, and during the intervals when he was not making long and toilsome journeys he acted as secretary of two committees for the reform of the Siberian prisons and the whole system of exile, and for preparing a scheme of municipal self-government. He was a diligent student all the while, and the direction and trend of his thoughts was always towards the socialist ideal. Gradually his energies were turned toward scientific exploration. The western Sayans, large regions in Manchuria, the Siberian highlands, were scientifically examined by him, and to this period of his remarkable career must be placed the discovery inseparably connected with his name, that the true structural formation of Asia is from the south-west to the north-east. In 1867 he returned to St. Petersburg with a mind stored full of knowledge and experience. He had begun to think those thoughts which led him ultimately to anarchism. The constructive work of the unknown masses, which so seldom finds any mention in books, and the importance of that constructive work in the growth of forms of society, appeared before his eyes in a clear light. He had seen the State bungling, corrupt, tyrannical, and he had seen simple free co-operation bringing about the best results.

Student Circles

His return to the capital only deepened and strengthened these views. He began to look at his old associates, at their aims, and ambitions, and amusements with eyes from which, as it were, a veil had been removed. Their frivolity, vice, emptiness, the mad rush for wealth, the decline of high

thinking disgusted him. But he was not long in St. Petersburg before he noticed a strange ferment among the young students of both sexes, the "intelligentsia," as in time they began to be called. If we eliminate the violent and terrorist element the "intelligentsia" formed a pure young world with all the fiery faith of youth, heroic, and with all the patience and passiveness characteristic of Russian heroism. They were entranced by their ideas, and therefore they indulged in exaggeration and extravagance which were often ludicrous, but seldom harmful. What did it matter if the young women cut off their hair, and wore blue spectacles, and if the young men refused to comb their locks or wash their hands? But in this way they drew on themselves the hostile attentions of society, and only too often they merited some degree of chastisement when that which was held sacred was despised by them on account of the respect it enjoyed.

These young people banded themselves into "circles" with the object of enlightening Russia; with the object of removing the hyperborean darkness which brooded over their beloved country. They went out among the people. They penetrated to remote towns and villages dressed like the peasants, speaking their language, teaching, lecturing, circulating their tracts in secret. They continually made mistakes. They mixed up politics too much with their science. What did the ordinary Russian peasant at that time care for education? He was incapable of appreciating the sacrifice which these young people were making on his behalf. There is a book of Turgenieff's, "Poems in Prose," in which this inimitable artist describes the deadly indifference of the Russian people. One of the "Poems" is entitled "The Workman and the Man with the White Hands." A stranger comes up to some workmen. He claims to be one of them. They reject his claim because he has white hands. Theirs smell of filth and tar. He asks them to smell his hands. "Strange," they say, "your hands smell of iron." "Yes," said the stranger, "of iron. For six whole years I have worn handcuffs on them." "Why?" "Because I thought of your happiness. I wanted to make you poor fellows free. I rebelled against your oppressors; on that account I was put in prison." "Prison! But why were you rebellious?" In the second dialogue, which occurs two years afterwards, the same workmen, speaking of

this same stranger, say, "He is to be hanged to-day. He has been rebelling again. We must get a piece of the rope. They say it brings luck."

After Kropotkin's arrival the current of reaction increased. At several important centres in the Empire oppression grew stronger and the propaganda of the "intelligentia" took a more revolutionary colour. For every outrage by the Government a reprisal was attempted. Young people began to stream to Switzerland to study medicine and socialism. Kropotkin began work among the artisans around the capital, and in a short time no fewer than thirty-seven provinces of the Empire were declared infected by socialist contagion. The prisons were full, and new houses of detention were built. Every day brought demonstrations among the students, street riots, assaults on the police officials, outbreaks of passionate despair. They were all useless, the screw only tightened, and the result was the formation of the terrorist party which wrought such untold misery for their country, which caused the clock to be put back, which embittered every friend of reform in high places. It frightened the successor of the murdered Alexander II back from the paths which his father had trod in the early years of his reign, and it seemed to justify, at any rate to palliate, the terrible reprisals which followed the assassination of the Tsar Liberator.

Nihilism

Kropotkin took no active part in this propaganda of violence. He probably sympathised with those foolish youths and girls who recommended bomb-throwing as a panacea for the woes of Russia; sympathised, that is to say, with their aims, not with their methods. It was during these first years in St. Petersburg, and before suspicion began to fall upon him, that he paid his first visit to Western Europe. He travelled in Germany and Switzerland, and made himself acquainted with the socialistic currents agitating these countries and France. In Zurich he joined one of the local sections of the International Working Men's Association. He studied their organisations and methods, and the more he studied the clearer he saw a new world before him, unknown to the makers of sociological theories. He entered heart and soul into the International movement, became acquainted with the theoretical

aspects of anarchism, grew enamoured of the equalitarian relations which he saw in practice among many Swiss organisations, and finally cast in his lot with the most advanced section of the socialists and styled himself an anarchist. Equipped with these new ideas he returned to Russia, bearing with him a heavy consignment of forbidden socialist literature which he cleverly managed to have smuggled across the frontier. He boldly joined the Nihilists, not the party which throws the bombs, for whose policy he has only contempt, but the Nihilists who would persuade with the forces of reason. It is worth while hearing Kropotkin's definition of the Nihilist:

"First of all, the Nihilist declared war upon what may be described as 'the conventional lies of civilised mankind.' Absolute sincerity was his distinctive feature, and in the name of that sincerity he gave up, and asked others to give up, those superstitions, prejudices, habits, and customs which their own reason could not justify. He refused to bend before any authority except that of reason, and in the analysis of every social institution or habit he revolted against any sort of more or less masked sophism. He broke, of course, with the superstitions of his fathers, and in his philosophical conceptions he was a positivist, an agnostic, a Spencerian evolutionist, or a scientific materialist; and while he never attacked the simple, sincere, religious belief which is a psychological necessity of feeling, he bitterly fought against the hypocrisy that leads people to assume the outward mask of a religion which they continually throw aside as useless ballast."

It was a dangerous game which Kropotkin was playing. The engine of State had been ordered full steam backwards. Woe to those who sought to oppose their puny strength to its iron force. Kropotkin was one of those who strove to arrest its backward movement. He joined a circle of advanced socialists, persons who had been tested in various circumstances, and of whom it was felt that they could be implicitly trusted. They debated whether they should carry on radical and socialistic propaganda among the "intelligentia," or whether their work should not be rather the preparation of men capable of arousing the great inert labouring masses, the peasants and workmen of the town. Disguised as a peasant, clad in rough and dirty clothes, cotton shirt, top boots, and a sheepskin, Kropotkin went about among the lowest classes of the people lecturing, teaching, organising into Unions. It was marvellous how he escaped for so long.

For two years he led this life. But at last the toils closed in on him and he was

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denounced by two weavers who had been in the habit of attending his lectures. He was taken to the bureau of the Third Section, and accused of having belonged to a secret society which had for its object the overthrow of the existing form of Government, and of conspiracy against the sacred person of his Imperial Majesty the Tsar. He refused to answer the questions put to him on the ground that the answers he might give would be used to the disadvantage of others. So he was packed into a four-wheeled cab, and a gendarme officer who accompanied him led him to the gates of the famous fortress of SS. Peter and Paul. These were his thoughts at the time:

"I admired the beautiful river, knowing that I should not soon see it again. The sun was going down. Thick grey clouds were hanging in the west above the Gulf of Finland, while light clouds floated over my head, showing here and there patches of blue sky. Then the carriage turned to the left and entered a dark, arched passage, the gate of the fortress."

The Fortress of SS. Peter and Paul

It is a terrible prison this fortress of SS. Peter and Paul. Peter I, Catherine II, Nicolas I, and other autocrats used it often for their own awful purposes. The annals of the huge stone stronghold were annals of murder and torture, says Kropotkin, annals of men buried alive, condemned to slow death, or driven to insanity in the loneliness of its dark and damp dungeons. It is a terrible picture he draws of the utter loneliness of his life there for the first few months of his incarceration, but gradually his position improved. He was allowed books, writing materials, a lamp, and other alleviations, and he might apparently smoke as many cigarettes as he wished. But the damp of the cell in which he was confined at last made such inroads on his constitution that the doctor advised his removal to the hospital.

It was while he was in hospital that his friends arranged for him a most marvellous plan of escape. The story, if told at all, deserves to be told in full. Were there nothing in this book but the thrilling account of that wonderful escape it would be well worth reading. Every detail was thought out and carefully arranged by a large number of persons working in perfect harmony with one another. The plan of escape was conveyed to Kropotkin inside a watch which the prison authorities never dreamed of examining. A violinist was

posted outside the gate to play when the road was clear, to cease playing when difficulties were in sight, to play madly when Kropotkin was to hasten his movements. It reads like the wildest scheme ever elaborated by a Dumas, and yet we know it is strictly true in every particular, that we are reading the actual experiences of this strange, devoted man. As soon as he was clear of the prison precincts he boldly went to a fashionable restaurant and dined. The police would never dream of searching there. And then, after a few weeks' hiding, he managed to smuggle himself to Finland and to Sweden. He crossed Sweden and arrived at Christiania, where he waited a few days for a steamer to Hull.

"As I went to the steamer I asked myself with anxiety, 'Under which flag does she sail?' Then I saw floating above the stern the Union Jack, the flag under which so many refugees, and of all nations, have found an asylum. I greeted the flag from the depth of my heart."

Kropotkin's subsequent career is also most interesting, and he has much to tell us about the socialist and anarchist movements in England, France, and Switzerland in which he has evidently taken a large and leading part; but he has nothing to tell us on this subject which at all compares in human interest with his marvellous sketches of the serfs and their lives, with his thrilling description of the rise and progress of the Nihilist circles, with his unique narrative of the prison life in SS. Peter and Paul's fortress, and his almost miraculous escape from the clutches of those who sought his ruin. After years of labour among the French-speaking workmen in Switzerland, during which he never seems to have lost an ideal, during which he always seems to have lived a simple, strenuous, modest life, he returns once more to the shelter of England.

Too much regret cannot be expressed that Russia sees fit to cast out from her midst such notable sons as Prince Peter Kropotkin. Led and guided aright, with ready channels for their endless activities, and appreciation for their notable patriotism and their love of their fellows, such men might turn out to be forces for good of which their country might be proud. As it is, they beat out their weary lives in eager strivings after the unattainable, and now and then write a book for us full of the dreamings of their sincere souls, full of the unspeakable melancholy and charm inseparable from their Russian nature.

MICHAEL A. MORRISON.

Telegraphy up to Date.—A Résumé

IT is a saying as true as it is old that "Ill news flies apace." The day that the first railway in the world was opened—that between Manchester and Liverpool—Mr. Huskisson was run over at a point on the line about midway between the towns. Without a moment's delay an engine was despatched at the top of its speed for surgical help to Liverpool, a distance of fifteen miles, which the engine covered in about twenty minutes. The news of the accident, however, had preceded the arrival of the iron messenger, having flown along the line of onlookers from mouth to mouth in yet quicker time.

Astonishing as is this well-attested fact, it by no means stands alone, while yet more remarkable accounts of the marvellous spread of serious tidings lay claim to be believed. There are on record many occasions when a sense of calamity has seemed as it were to have been "in the air"; as, for instance, a little while after Sir John Franklin had started on his fateful expedition. Before there was any justification for apprehension, and indeed before any tidings could have reached England, people at home became so firmly convinced that something was amiss that they determined on fitting out a relief party.

As supporting records of this nature we may venture to say that there is scarcely a household that has not a family story to tell of an irresistible conviction having been experienced on some occasion at the moment when a distant friend or relative was at the crisis of death or danger.

Whether or no these records are cases of an unknown form of immediate communication between mind and mind we would express no opinion, nor would we call them in evidence as necessarily to be regarded in any true sense as instances of telegraphy. From our standpoint of to-day, however, we might almost venture to predict that we are within measurable distance of a mode of conveying intelligence as marvellous as are these psychological phenomena.

We are justified in believing that great developments may lie in the immediate future, the nature of which it may be hard to predict; but at the same time, if we would look to the direction in which such advances may be expected, clearly our best

guide will be to glance backward and regard the lines along which the modes of signalling messages have from earliest times progressed.

It will have to be conceded that probably the earliest form of telegraphy was carried on by preconcerted signals, and that one of the most ingenious and certain modes of this kind is also one of the very oldest. It dates back to classical times, before even there were any efficient instruments for measuring time, and yet accurate time intervals were an essential part of the principle involved. The method can be briefly indicated: A signalling station was provided with a tall vessel—earthenware in those days—of water, in which floated a board in an upright position, while across this board a series of pre-arranged messages were written. A precisely similar vessel and board were placed at the receiving station; moreover, the two vessels were fitted with plugs, which when removed would allow the water in each vessel to sink at exactly the same rate. Matters being so arranged, when a message was to be conveyed the sender would give a signal and instantly remove the plug of his pitcher, giving a second signal when the required message as indicated on the floating board had sunk to a fixed mark. It is clear then that if the operator at the distant station started and stopped the flow of water in his own instrument at the moments when the signals were given he also would find the proper message indicated by the fixed mark in his own pitcher.

It may be interesting to note that a precisely similar device is sometimes adopted by a so-called thought-reader and his questioner. The two confederates having each learned to calculate small intervals of time accurately—say by a fixed rate of counting—it becomes easy, by means of any slight signal given and presently repeated, for one to convey a series of definite messages to the other.

All early modes of telegraphy of course presupposed a means of giving a distant signal by sound or sight, generally the latter; and we find the commonest means adopted to have been the flame of a beacon fire by night or its smoke by day. Our



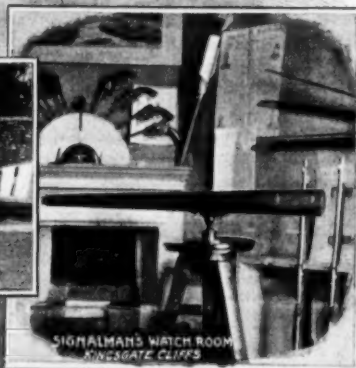
MORSE CODE FLAG SIGNALLING.



BLUEJACKETS PRACTICE SIGNALLING.



SEMAPHORE CODE FLAG SIGNALLING.



SIGNALMAN'S WATCH ROOM KINGSGATE CLIFFS.



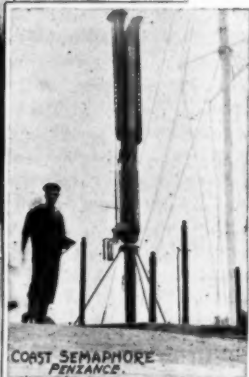
LOFTY SEMAPHORE AT THE N. FORELAND.



SHORE TELEPHONE SIGNAL TO THE "KENTISH KNOCK" 20 MILES OUT TO SEA.



CARRYING ON THE SIGNALS FROM MALVERN BEACON (Queens Jubilee 1887)



COAST SEMAPHORE PENZANCE.



NEWEST FORM OF TELEGRAPH



ANCIENT TELEGRAPHIC INSTRUMENT (restored)



HOOKE'S TELEGRAPH time of NEWTON.

beacons and beacon hills throughout the country testify to this, and history gives abundant proof of their utility.

Originally the beacon heights were furnished with mere stacks of wood in readiness, but the exigencies of troublous times demanded improved contrivances, and by the time that Agincourt had been fought and won, the fagot pile had been exchanged for a tall mast carrying an iron cross-bar and cage to hold a barrel of pitch. The stumps of some of these old masts are still to be found under the soil.

The use of beacon fires which allowed both of speed in use and long range admitted also of a certain variety of messages. Thus the Scotch Parliament of 1455 adopted a special code directing that intelligence as to the nature of any approach of the English should be conveyed by the number of the fires kindled. In this way: *one*, was to mean "They are coming"; *two*, "they are coming indeed"; *four*, "they are coming in great force."

It is obvious, however, that such vague warnings were the limit that signals of this kind could convey, and presently some attempts were made to establish an alphabetical telegraph. But it seems to have been a difficult task. Hooke, reckoned the greatest inventive genius of his time, though his time was Newton's, tried his hand, but could contrive nothing better than the simple method of hanging symbols or large characters separately on a tall framework to be seen against the sky. But in due course arose a reverend prelate, one Bishop Wilkins, brother-in-law to Cromwell, who wrote a special treatise on signalling entitled "Mercury, or the secret and swift messenger." This worthy divine must have possessed a fertile imagination, for he also wrote other startling treatises, as, for instance, one to show that the moon was inhabited, followed by another to indicate how man might find a way to get there. No special merit attaches to his methods beyond the adoption, not altogether original, of several signals in combination instead of one. But one really admirable suggestion given in his own words was that use should be made of "Galileus his Perspective," which being interpreted meant simply that signalmen might for long distances use a telescope.

It seems not to have been till the very end of the last century that the principle of the semaphore was thought of; but with its introduction a greatly improved telegraphic

system became possible, as we see from the fact that a message in word-form was telegraphed in one hour to Paris from Lisle announcing the recapture of that town. A yet better record, however, was achieved in England about the same date, when, by an arrangement of shutter boards, a message was conveyed between Dover and London in seven minutes.

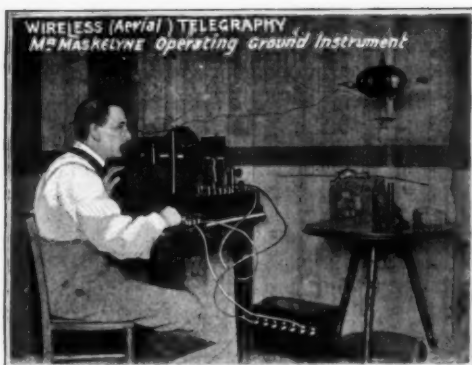
That the semaphore system, as also that of signalling by a flash or the flap of a flag, has now been brought to the highest conceivable perfection can readily be believed by anyone who has watched the wondrous winking of the heliograph, or army signalling practice, say on Southsea common, or Lloyd's look-out men exchanging speech with a swift liner ten miles out at sea.

But it is time to speak of a new era, for it is along other lines that telegraphy has made the greatest progress, and at the present hour seems to promise further advances almost without limit, the agent here being, of course, that modern Mercury, electricity.

The first dawn of the new discovery may be hard to fix; but it must be reckoned to have been a foreshadowing of the electric telegraph when one Stephen Gray, exactly one hundred and seventy years ago (*i.e.* twenty years before Franklin flew his kites), let down a thread from his top window till it almost touched the ground, wrapping the upper end round a glass rod, and then found that whenever he briskly rubbed the tube the electrical influence he set up travelled the whole length of the thread and attracted light particles at its far end. In that simple experiment lay the germ of the great secret that has revolutionised the whole civilised world. It lay dormant, however, for a couple of generations longer, when several scientists began experimenting in the same direction with hand electrical machines, and messages of sorts were sent first from one room to another, and ultimately across quite respectable little distances pith balls were made to go through performances that were deemed capable of conveying signs.

Then so far as telegraphy was concerned the glass electrical machine was laid on the shelf for many a long year and, as might have been thought, for good and all, until, indeed, quite lately, as will be seen, it once more became instrumental in feeling the way to the last and greatest development of all. But meanwhile the galvanic battery, very much as we now know it, came on the

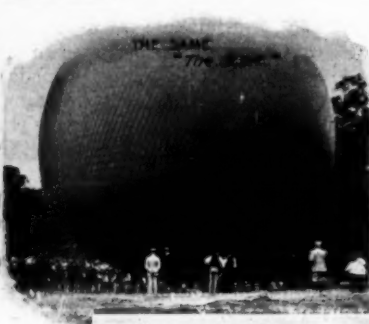
Telegraphy up to Date



WIRELESS (Aerial) TELEGRAPHY
M^{rs} MASKELYNE Operating Ground Instrument



THE SAME
Balloon with duplicate instrument
ready to start.



THE SAME
The Balloon

scene, and currents capable of practical telegraphic work were sent along wires forming a circuit for as long distances as the ambition of those early days desired; for it was very soon discovered that if such a wire at any point or points throughout its length lay over and along a simple compass needle, then the needle would wag every time the current passed. In this, then, mankind already virtually possessed electric telegraphy.

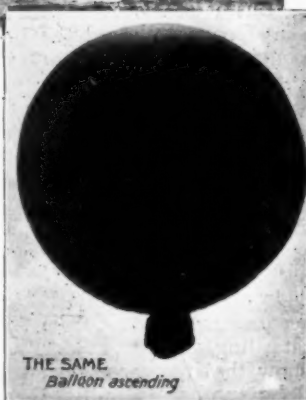
And then this simple principle developed into others new and yet the same, and methods improved and batteries grew stronger, and telegraphic wires spread their webs in every country; nor did they stop there, for men grew bolder and Atlantic cables were laid and lost, and next they were laid and lasted, and until a dozen years ago no further great advance seemed possible.

Then, however, happened things strange and passing strange. The glass electrical machine of our grandfathers, or rather its more modern and much improved successor, was once more brought on the scene, and as spark after spark flashed between the knobs as of

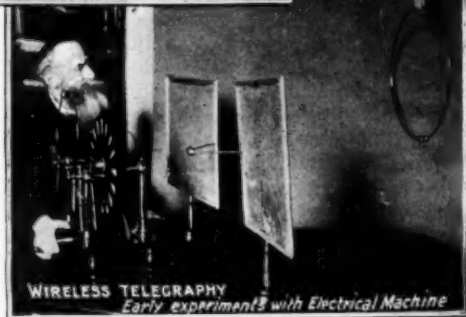
old, a new wonder was made to show itself at a distance, and even through the wall into another room. A wire bent into the shape of a hoop which just did not join in one place was held up, and it was seen that every time the distant machine gave a spark the incomplete hoop also gave a spark of its own across the little interval where it did not join. True, the wire hoop had to be made of a particular size and to be held in a particular position, but it indicated the discovery of a new influence, a new form of energy that would make its power manifest through empty

space, or equally well through brick walls and other obstacles.

This new form of power at command was called after its discoverer the Hertz rays, and it will have been already seen that if its influence could be spoken of as conveyed by rays, then these were in many essential particulars like the X rays with which everyone now is tolerably familiar. They were of the same myste-



THE SAME
Balloon ascending



WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY
Early experiments with Electrical Machine

rious and invisible character and would pass everywhere where required, being hindered by special substances only.

And now, the old work of patient experiment and trial had to be gone through once more with the newly found agent. Its power had to be increased and delicate instruments had to be devised to respond to that power when weakened by traversing long distances. The first of these requirements was met by the discovery that in this new means of telegraphy, as in the old, that form of electricity could be used which resides in batteries and which can be indefinitely augmented. And for the rest there sufficed one further subtle discovery which can be sufficiently indicated in a few words.

When the newly found rays fell on a few metal filings lying loose and disconnected across the gap where a battery wire was broken, the filings would at once string themselves into line, and as it were for the moment mend the wire up. But we all know that mending and breaking the wire of a battery circuit is only what we do in effect every time we push the button of an electric bell. Thus, if our explanation is followed so far, it is clear that a signalman armed with a powerful sparking machine can fling abroad the newly found rays, and as they flash invisibly away in space they can at any point be made to ring their message by the contrivance now described.

To see and hear the little bell ringing when far removed from the flashing instrument with which it has no visible connection is mysterious enough, but it was positively uncanny when the writer, well above the clouds and floating through space, was still able to watch the tell-tale hammer striking obedient to the impulse of an instrument, that one man could carry, operated on the earth far down and long lost to sight.

The thought suggested was: Wait but a little longer, and may not a further inscrutable power akin to this be revealed to man, so that he may at pleasure signal through the solid globe or all around it—nay, even link some other world in signs with ours?

Our brief sketch of the progressive steps of telegraphy would be incomplete without mention of some special devices for sending messages which, though only curious or fanciful, have an interest of their own.

If it is desired to convey a written message rapidly by hand, probably the fastest mode is by calling in the aid of some good cricketers. If these are posted along

the route to be traversed at intervals of about one hundred yards, it is then only necessary that the missive should be enclosed in a ball resembling a cricket ball and fairly thrown and fielded along the line of men. Entrusted to thoroughly good fielders the message will speed far quicker than a bicyclist can ride.

The writer once organised a test of speed between this mode of conveyance and that by carrier pigeons over a mile course. It was hardly a fair match, and in the preliminary practices the pigeons had it all their own way, so that on the day of trial in sporting language the betting was all on the birds; but fate ruled it otherwise. The race had always been started by gun-shot; but at the actual match the gun by inadvertence was carried somewhat nearer the starting place. It proved to be too near, for as soon as it was fired the birds simply flew into an oak and sat there.

Another competition in which the writer was engaged fell through in a curious and unfortunate manner. It was the Queen's Jubilee of 1887, and a committee had determined to carry a line of signals from Malvern Beacon to the coast by means of rockets. The night of June 20th came, and the writer, armed with a battery of 24 half-pounders, was to pass the signal from Blewburton Beacon to Beacon Hill in Hampshire. Unfortunately, the exact hour (10 P.M.) was announced in the London Press, and apparently all loyal subjects in the country were seized with the idea of helping in the game. The result can be guessed. Exactly at 10 P.M., the entire country round—and we see six counties—was suddenly lit up with long-continued showers of rockets which completely masked any true signal.

Signalling broadcast and over wide and sparsely populated country has been effected by simple means and in a striking manner. Evidence the passing of the Fiery Cross through parts of Scotland. Scott tells how once in civil war it was borne through the whole district of Breadalbane, a tract of thirty-two miles, in three hours. In like manner on the eve of the Mutiny in India the natives passed their secret symbol, a chu-patti, from village to village—with what success is too well known.

It is curious, however, that one most efficient means of conveying signals has never been turned to account. We refer to conducting sound by the medium of earth or sea. Experiments made on the Lake of

Telegraphy up to Date

Geneva showed that sound travels very readily and with increased velocity under the surface of water. Again, it is stated that on June 18, 1815, the sound—carried by the ground—of a big battle in progress was heard in the south-east of England.

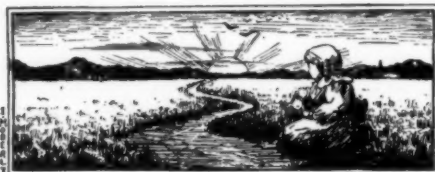
It is a far cry from Kent to the field of Waterloo!

It is a question whether some system of transmitting sound signals through the medium of earth is not occasionally adopted by the Kaffirs, who appear capable of conveying intelligence with surprising expedition through their own country. Thus, it is reported that the Zulu defeat was known far south by the natives before the Europeans had any tidings. It is conceivable that the mere voice could be trained to shout some special form of speech from point to point over long range, but accidents of wind would tell greatly against such a method. It has, however, been suggested that the rocky formation underlying the soil may, when struck, convey vibrations

to a trained ear at long range, and thus an expeditious method of telegraphy could be organised.

The one system which must transcend all others in value and efficiency in South Africa is undoubtedly that of wireless telegraphy, provided always that the Boers are not in possession of such means and knowledge as would enable them to vitiate the operation of the peculiar ether vibrations which it is necessary to invoke. In a land where communication can so readily be interrupted by the simple severance of a telegraph wire, the wireless method should prove of incalculable value, and were it only feasible to combine this method with the use of free balloons its value would be doubled. Without venturing to speculate on the actual *modus operandi* that will be adopted at the discretion of Signor Marconi, it is safe to say that messages transmitted through space from a lofty balloon would be of first importance in reconnoitring and intelligence departments.

JOHN M. BACON, F.R.A.S.



A Servian Lullaby

LITTLE golden son, the rain is coming,
coming—

Little golden daughter, the sun has
set;

Birds stop singing now and wheels begin
their humming,

Flowers fold softly up from the dark and
wet—

Strawberry flowers and blackberry and wild
mignonette.

Little golden son, your bed is spread and
ready

All with snowy blankets soft as silk may
be;

'Tis a fairy boat that shall sail you straight
and steady

To the shores of Dreamtown, o'er a shining
sea,

To the shores of Dreamtown, little golden
daughter,

Sail away and sail away till the dawn is
red;

Pleasant be your voyage over golden water.

Till you wake by Marko in your own white
bed.

Sail away to Dreamtown where dream-folk
are keeping

Crowns set thick with rubies for gold heads
of you;

Would that I might also once again while
sleeping

Leave the weary spinning as your father left
his reaping,

And sail away to Dreamtown where the
skies are blue.

NORA HOPPER.

The Shame of William Danby

BY FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE



"HE GIVES IT AS STRAIGHT AS THE MISSUS
ON SATURDAY NIGHT"

A NEW curate was coming to the parish church, and there was a flutter of interest, not, it is to be feared, exclusively spiritual.

The marriage-garden of Kirkholm relied for a good deal of its husbandry upon young clergymen and young doctors, and perhaps the solid influence of Archdeacon Whittaker owed more than he knew to the eligibility of his curates. For many years past he had given no title to a candidate without sufficient social claims, and the falling-in of little livings kept happy time with the engagements of his staff. Only one of the parish clergy had married out of the congregation—and he was, exemplarily, a curate still. Consequently people spoke with more than titular respect of "our Venerable Archdeacon," and little oddities as a preacher—such as a tendency to lose his place and to give the same sermon on two successive Sundays—were treated with smiling toleration.

"Preaching, indeed!" said Mrs. Whitworth, whose daughter Lilian was very nearly engaged to one of the four curates;

"it is practice that tells. Look at that Pollock person!" (Mr. Pollock was the vicar of St. Ann's). "You'd think from his sermons the man was really in earnest, and yet when he comes down from the pulpit how does he behave? 'Bear one another's burdens,' indeed—and three married curates running!"

"But he is a very hard worker," Lilian remarked. "He has done a great deal among the poor."

"Oh, no doubt, no doubt," answered her mother; "we hear far too much about the slums. The lower classes are very well off. It's we that are the poor. I don't pity your mill-hands at all—who minds what class they travel? It's the comfortably off, that must go somewhere for a holiday, and wear decent gloves, and have hot joints for dinner, that I'm sorry for. The poor! Rubbish!"

"He is coming on Friday," said Dora, the youngest daughter, when this irrelevance showed symptoms of subsiding, "and he preaches at the iron church on Sunday evening."

"Then I hope," said Mrs. Whitworth, "they will have the seats cleaned. I really don't know what they want with a chapel of ease at that dirty end of the town. Ease indeed! Ease ought to begin with an f and another letter. We must ask him to supper, poor lonely young man."

"Mr. How should be told to bring him," said Dora. "Had not you better write, Lil?"

"Nonsense," said Lilian; "why should I write?" Mr. How was her particular curate.

Sunday came, and there was a large congregation at the chapel of ease. Mrs. Whitworth, after a hasty conference with the vergers and a little flapping of his gown, sat down in a front seat, supported by Mrs. Bagwell and Miss Amy Finch. The two Whitworth girls had declined to be thrust into such extreme prominence. A modesty ill-requited by Mrs. Sedgwick, for she beckoned up her own young ladies, after the service had begun, knowing that Emma looked almost pretty when she blushed.

The Shame of William Danby

There was a little coolness between the heads of the Whitworth and Sedgwick household, consequent upon that, but happily it did not involve the girls, who respected one another's love of fair play.

"I am so sorry, Dora," Julia Sedgwick said, when the service was over and the young people were walking home in a cluster. "Mother meant kindly, of course, but I hope you don't believe——"

"Of course not," said Dora. "Well, what do you think of him?"

"Oh, when he falls over his surplice rather less, and can find his way a little in the prayers, and does not drop his voice so much, and gives out some of the right hymns, we shall be able to judge better."

"He's nothing to Mr. Richardson," Lilian said. "Don't you remember we heard him muttering to himself 'Oh, dear me, dear me!' and he ran his poor hair up into positive spikes. This one—Mr. Danby—was not so bad as that."

"But how unlucky that he could not discover how to get into the pulpit. I really thought he would have to climb up, hand over—Oh!"

There was a voice in Julia's ear. "I beg your pardon," it said. "I believe I—er——"

All the girls turned round, and there was the new curate, bowing and smiling.

"How has been called to a sick case," he said; "may I introduce myself?"

He shook hands all round with the disconcerted girls. Then he turned to Julia. "There ought to be a finger-post," he said, "glancing towards the pulpit."

"Oh, pray forgive me," said Julia, "but of course——"

"Why, what is there to forgive? You were very kind, I'm sure."

"On the whole we really were complimentary."

"Oh, were you?—I think *that* must have been before I came up. Your kindness seemed to me of the castigating kind."

"Oh, that is ungrateful. Why, we said you did not——"

"I can claim no credit for that. My hair won't go into spikes."

At the corner the Sedgwicks said good-bye, and the Whitworths carried home their prize.

By comparison, he really was rather a prize. At any rate, he was not a blank. His manners were perfectly easy, and his conversational powers above the modest Kirkholm average. The only thing that

went at all against the grain of approval was his silence concerning his family. Little half-queries elicited no information, and to direct interrogation even Mrs. Whitworth would not at once proceed. There was time enough for that. *Prima facie* a gentleman, with an Oxford degree, and a name pleasantly suggestive of noble connections—the young man deserved every encouragement.

"Now come often," said Mrs. Whitworth, when he rose to say good-bye. "Come whenever you feel inclined—whenever you feel lonely. You are sure to find some of us in, and there's always enough for supper."

"How could you say that, mother?" Lilian asked, when the young man had gone. "Bread and cheese, and the cold ends of pudding."

"There are tins in the cupboard," said Mrs. Whitworth loftily. "Besides, he'll have the sense to go in time. I hope there is nothing wrong about his connections."

"Why, if it comes to that," said Dora, "look at Uncle Joe."

"No, Dora," answered her mother. "I will *not* look at Uncle Joe. I prefer to look at Aunt Basset and Cousin Catherine. Your Cousin Catherine might have been Lady Mudge."

At the sound of that dreaded name the girls took their candles. Mrs. Whitworth mounted upon the possible Lady Mudge was too high for anything.

"I like him, Lil," said Dora, when the girls were in their own room.

"Strange," Lilian answered, "when he showed such a marked antipathy to you."

Young Mr. Danby was soon in a fair way to become notable among the Archdeacon's successes. Having at length overcome those initial difficulties enumerated by Miss Sedgwick, he won much favour in the pulpit. It was a long time since the parish church had been blessed with an extempore preacher. Though a few people complained that Mr. Danby's arguments had a tendency to fade imperceptibly away, and that, while some of his sentences terminated with singular abruptness, others did not terminate at all, the mass of the congregation congratulated itself on having got one of the right sort. It was felt that while he wanted to say something and couldn't, the average curate wanted to say nothing and could. "Ay," chuckled the old illiterates, "but it's nice to hear a bit of talk." That was, indeed, a fair

The Shame of William Danby

description of the young man's pulpit style. It was pervaded by an earnest familiarity. It had no eloquence, no brilliancy, no distinction. It lacked the ozone of intellectuality, the delicate airs of suggestion. It touched few problems, and it yielded many stories. It left the imagination unfed, but it buttonholed the conscience. "He gives it you," remarked a toper who had come to hear him, "as straight as the missus on Saturday night." In a little while it became evident that the people looked out for the new curate's turn. The church was always full when it was known that he was going to preach.

It cannot be pretended that this popularity excited no bitterness in the clerical bosom. The senior curate reluctantly admitted his disgust. "Hitherto," he said, "the parish church has not been sensational. We have left that sort of thing to St. Ann's and the Bethels; I wonder the dear Archdeacon stands it."

"Come!" said How; "Danby is a really good fellow. He is thoroughly in earnest."

"Oh, yes," answered the senior, lifting a refined hand and pushing vulgarity gently away, "your bull of Bashan always is, but a man can be in earnest without letting himself down. I'd rather see the church empty than tell anecdotes about little boys being run over and saved by Bibles in their breast-pockets, and soldiers converted by screws of tobacco done up in leaves of 'Songs and Solos.'"

"It's a matter of taste," said How.

"Yes, and I can't get the taste out of my mouth. He makes the better sort horribly uncomfortable."

"But we make them a great deal too comfortable. I, for example, as is only too evident, am a powerful soporific."

"Better send them to sleep with sound dogma than make them blubber with Moody's stories. I wish Danby well—and well out of the parish church."

And something of that sort really did eventuate.

Danby was told off more and more for chapel-of-ease duty, until his work amounted to a sole charge of Back End. Back End might have smelt no sweeter under a rosier name, but it certainly fell short of fragrance under its own.

It was not until he had entered into the husbandry of that neglected vineyard that the young man's quality came out. He threw himself heart and soul into the work. The little chapel was crowded to the doors.

His best sermons were preached out of church. In a little while there was not a child whose name and character he did not know, nor a man for whose wages he could not account. He invaded public-houses at the cost (not entirely to himself) of beautiful black eyes. He instituted or vitalised



HE WALKED ARM IN ARM WITH OILY MEN

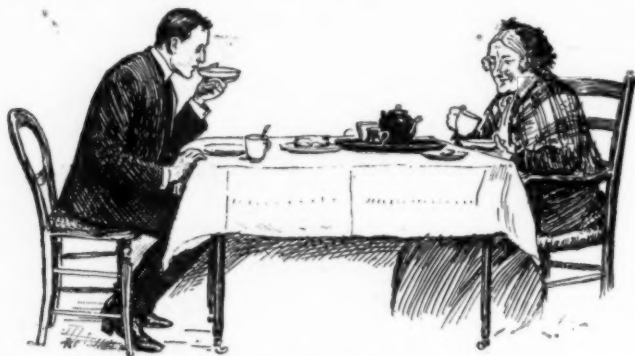
clothing clubs, night schools, mothers' meetings, cottage lectures, a crèche, a boy's brigade, a cricket club, a gymnasium, a library. He walked arm in arm with oily men, not in condescension but in natural goodfellowship. His pockets bulged with half-pounds of tea. And when the present was made he asked to have a cup with the happy old lady, and he drank it conscientiously out of his saucer. (That was a piece of serpentine beguilement.) Often for a week together he was hardly out of his clothes.

The Archdeacon rubbed his chin and wondered, the senior curate lifted his hands and clucked. "There is one comfort, anyhow," he said. "We have isolated him. He won't spread."

It was hardly likely that Danby's crusade would enlist feminine enthusiasts. The two Whitworth girls (Mr. How, now engaged to Lilian, generously devoted her to the work) were among the best and stoutest of his recruits. It was quite true

The Shame of William Danby

that Mrs. Whitworth was only a lukewarm convert to Mr. Danby's methods, and her distrust of the chapel seats became more deeply grounded than ever. She began, however, to hear rumours that authorised



HE ASKED TO HAVE A CUP WITH THE HAPPY OLD LADY

a wide toleration. Back End was in a fair way to be made a separate district.

Meanwhile, Mr. Danby had not "said anything" to Dora, and mystery still enshrouded his family.

One evening, when the young man had found time to play a game of tennis, and even to indulge in a subsequent cigarette, Mrs. Whitworth took him in hand. It happened that there had lately settled in Kirkholm a certain Mr. Rigby, fair, forty, and not fat, and more than well enough to do. Mr. Rigby had asked, with some significance, to be introduced to Dora.

"Mr. Danby," the matron began, "I don't know what witchcraft you use. Think of my girls going slumming as they do! and Dora such a little aristocrat and all!"

"Is she that?" the curate asked.

"I wonder you have not found it out. Even from a child she shrank from anything that was not—what shall I say?—unexceptionable. She never had any patience with parvenus. Wrong, of course," Mrs. Whitworth added, with a splendid smile, "but perhaps she learned that from her mother."

"After all," the curate said, "so long as people are decently bred—"

"Oh, that is not everything, Mr. Danby; there is a great deal in nice connections. I think, by the way, your family came from—?"

There was no interruption of information, and Mrs. Whitworth added "Norfolk?"

"No," he answered. "I don't think I have any relations there."

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Whitworth. "Whenever you feel disposed to talk a little about your people we should be so much interested."

"I hardly think so," he said; "we are not, except to ourselves, a very interesting, or a very—" At that moment Lillian came up, and led the curate away.

When Danby reached home that night he found a letter that had arrived by the evening's post. "From mother," he said as he opened it; "it is not often that she writes." The letter ran as follows:

"My Dear Son,—Your poor father died last night. The clergyman was with him, and he

had not much pain. He sent his duty to you and was sorry to be such an expense. He blamed the drink for all his trouble. My dear son, I have what will do me for the funeral, and when I have him buried I would dearly like to come and manage for you. Them landladies is great old rogues, and I have nobody but you now the old man is gone. He used me very bad, but I will be lonesome all the same. The Lord forgive him!—he was a fine figure of a man and a clever tradesman too, but he would not mind himself.

"I remain, your affectionate mother,

"NORAH DANBY.

"Oh it is the empty house and heart that I will have when they takes him away. It is a lovely coffin entirely."

The tears gathered in the young man's eyes. "Poor dear old mother," he said. "Of course you shall come to me. Perhaps if I had done my duty . . . but no! there was no chance for father. Only a miracle could have saved him. God grant his end was peace."

He sat down and wrote a warm-hearted reply.

"Mother," he said. "I have a little house all to myself, and we will be happy together. There are still fifty pounds of Uncle Robert's legacy left, and I have saved a little besides. We shall be able to get along very nicely, and the old time shall come back, and nobody shall worry you any more. I long

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to see your sweet old face again which I have not beheld for four—nearly five—years. Mother, I could not help speaking to father if I came, and you know how mad it made him if I did. It was best then that we should be apart, but now we must never part again."

He concluded with an offer to come over and help the winding-up of his mother's small affairs, if his presence seemed at all needful: only just hinting that any saving that could be effected was not to be despised.

"Well, that's done," said Danby to himself, as he sealed the letter. The *finitum est* covered more than that epistle. In the step which he had taken Danby saw the end of a dream—a dream that had grown very dear.

He was in love with Dora Whitworth, and, but for the need of summoning his mother, he would have cherished good hope of winning his way at last. Hope, as things were shaping themselves, must be kicked out of doors.

Danby lit his pipe and paced slowly to and fro, chewing the cud of bitter thoughts. "Upon my word," he said to himself, "the worst turn you can do a young fellow is to give him a lift in life. You're sure to lift him a step higher than ever he can safely stand. Good old Uncle Willie! If you had not made me a most unlucky parson, I might have been a happy—well, what should I have been?—a shoemaker? Yes, say a shoemaker. Cobbling is rather a nice trade, I fancy, and the cure of soles for which I was intended. I might have been a gentleman without my h's instead of a cad with them. Oh! Uncle Willie, I wish you had never seen that chandlery store in Johannesburg. The candle was not worth the game."

So the young man mused, growing sarcastic and cynical, in the sharpness of his hurt. But that was not his natural vein. He was at least and at worst a sweet-hearted fellow; and then he loved his work.

"No," he said; "I would not have lost my chance here for all other chances. I must make the best of things. Who knows? . . . perhaps she might . . ." and then he stopped again. "No! it's all over *there*. She has looks, and a little fortune, and the might-have-been of Lady Mudge. It is expecting too much. She could never bear up against her mother. Better have your tooth out when you know it is bound to ache. To-morrow I'll—well, I'll—yes I'll—see: and then!"

He got no farther than that, and it was not quite a terminus. Still, to have resolved that he would resolve was some kind of comfort.

Danby went to bed, and, finally, to sleep—that sort of sleep wherein the mind, harassed and hampered, toils fruitlessly through all the worries of the day, rearranging things with endless ineffectual shifts, weaving laborious webs that drop apart, and reviewing its own efforts all the while in paralysed despair.

He got up, and had his first experience of nerves. Hitherto, he had regarded them as an idle invention of idle women.

But bath and breakfast and a bright sun put in a little word; and there was something in it. He went out and talked to Teddy Thwaites, while his poor leg was being dressed; then he gave his lesson at the school, and after that he called on Molly Dawson. Molly was an old woman of eighty-four, who could sometimes see a little out of one of her eyes, but had few other corporeal accomplishments. She lived on four shillings a week and a cheerful heart. Danby always went to Molly when he wanted a tonic.

Just as he was feeling for his hat, the door opened and there entered Dora. Dora, with morning blushes on her cheeks, and half a pound of tea in her basket.

"If I don't have it out to-day," Danby said, reverting to that dental resolution, "I'll loosen it a bit."

"Good-bye, Molly," said the two young people together.

"That I may live to see it!" was Mrs. Dawson's response, as she grasped a hand of each. "Oh, then, that I may live to see it!"

The meaning of the old woman's words was not ignored without an embarrassing effort. Dora was more successfully unconscious than Danby; perhaps because he could not help detecting a kind of opening in the speech.

"May I walk with you?" he said to Dora. "Let me take your basket." So they went on together.

How is it that, in deprecation of the meditated stroke, there comes so often some appeal, as poignant as unconscious? Why does the doomed horse whinny at one's voice, and the doomed dog crawl to lick one's hands? How comes that look on Duncan's sleeping face? Why is Desdemona's prattle so innocent and sweet?

Has Heaven decreed that none shall ever

The Shame of William Danby

reach another's heart but through his own?

Never had Dora been so kind, so prone to little confidences, so sure of sympathy, as on that ruthless walk.

Danby groaned within himself. It was going to be worse than he thought. He could not begin. Opening after opening crumbled and slipped away. He was too nervous to make a hand of the thing. Still, finely or clumsily, the thing could be done. It is not hard to hurt those who care for us. Any word will do it. Nay, it does not need a word at all. A look—a silence—is enough. Sympathy is sensitive as a mirror. An atmosphere will cloud it.

Danby said—something. He did not know what. But it went home. He saw the start as it struck, the flush of incredulous surprise; the tears that came and went back. And then Dora had herself in hand, and was no more a woman, but a young lady.

But Danby could not stand it.

"Dora," he said, "I'm so unhappy."

She turned round so sweetly, and looked at him with such a tender anxiety, while she rested her hand for a moment on his arm, that the end, for good or evil, was very nearly coming.

It was only by a violent effort that he constrained himself, and did not tell her—well, many things. As it was, he apologised for his bad temper, pressed her hand—and carried off the basket.

He would have liked to tell her all about himself—his humble birth, his drunken old father, his dear old peasant mother, his dubious old Uncle Willie, and his legacy of three hundred pounds invested in an Oxford degree. But to-day he felt that he could not disclose so much without disclosing a good deal more. And for that he believed the time had not come. Knowing Mrs. Whitworth, it did not seem to him fair to expose his love to what must certainly ensue. She would be reproached, worried, made unhappy. Even if she heartily desired the match, Mrs. Whitworth would obstruct it—so far as she safely could. Gentility and the Mudge possibilities demanded so much of her. With that well-to-do stranger offering attentions to Dora, she would seriously oppose any definite understanding between her daughter and himself. He must wait till—in silence or thunder—the stranger had rolled by. Knowing Dora's feelings on that head (that slightly bald head), he was not afraid to abide the issue.

The next day he went out resolved to make a clean breast of it, so far as his mother was concerned. But he came back without that interior ablation. It was of no use. Dora was too delightful. Her mood was so sunny that he had to make hay in it. There would not be many more days like that, for, take it as she might, his revelation would cost her something. It would be a serious trouble at the first. So he said nothing—nothing, at least, that requires repetition. Haymaking does not favour intellectual talk.

The next day—prematurely—right on the heels of her telegram—Mrs. Danby came. Since his absorption in the Back End work had become complete, Danby, as has been mentioned, had had a little house to himself.

The Archdeacon having furnished it, William had found an old woman who could cook chops (about half-way through) and hew potatoes into many-angled shapes, and even, when politeness required, halloa from above or below—not apparently from the level—"Well, what is it now?"

This old woman, as it happened, only that very afternoon had announced her intention of being married, and the necessity of withdrawing to look after her bridegroom, lest he should be backing out of it. Danby had told another old woman to come in and take occasional exercise in pattens, but now, moved by what feeling he hardly knew, he paid ten shillings forfeit-money, and broke the bargain off.

"Mother would hate to have anybody about," he said to himself; but he received the explanation with some distrust.

It was late when the train came in, and there were few people on the ill-lit platform. William was glad that the meeting would have hardly any witnesses—and was ashamed of his gladness. What would his mother be like? It was five years since he had seen her. Older, of course, she would be—but—?

Ah, the train was in. He was going to see her now, and to have the answer to that question which he would not allow himself to ask.

Yes, there she was—getting out; that was the figure—stouter, much stouter than of yore—and that, oh! that was her voice.

"Young man, I'll trouble you to hand me out this trunk, and—come here to me now—where would I find the Reverend William Danby?"

Nothing about "my son"—yes, he re-

The Shame of William Danby

cognised the relief in that forbearance. It was of no use. She was worse than he had expected. He was ashamed of his mother.



"WHERE WOULD I FIND THE REVEREND
WILLIAM DANBY?"

He hung in the shadows and let the porter attend to her.

When she was safely shut into a fly, he started after it, taking a short back way. But he overheard one porter say to another, "Mr. Danby's new housekeeper, I suppose. A liberal old Irish body. Gave me a shilling, she did."

Stinging tears came into William Danby's eyes. He knew the meaning of that shilling. She was acting up to the dignity of being his mother.

His little house stood in happy isolation. A high wall and a three-cornered bit of garden stood between it and prying eyes. William, arriving first, saw the luggage stormed and taken by the fly-man and a man whom he had signalled by the way, and the fly driven off, before he entered to claim his mother.

At last, sick with shame at the effort that it cost him, he flounced into the little hall, and crying "Welcome, mother! welcome to our little house!" clasped her in his arms.

She was so glad to see him—so happy and proud and fond—that for a little while he forgot all but her tears and the tender effusion of her speech.

But that was soon over. He led her into the sitting-room, and turned up the lamp and then . . .

Oh, it was worse than his worst fears. Face, figure, speech—what had the five years made of them?

He put himself in Dora's place, and came to his mother fresh and unprepared.

The coarse black-country twang, grafted upon a deadly Limerick brogue, the towlsed hair, the more than dubious hands, the excited manner, the loose draggled smartness—oh, it was all terrible, terrible. Every exaggerative phrase, every effusive gesture, stung like a lash.

Once, in the stress of suffering, he groaned aloud. And then his mother's coarseness fell away like a vulgar cloak flung aside. The point of view was changed. He was a boy again, lying sick in bed, listless and weary, and she was bending over him, all tenderness, all knowledge and comfort and patient ministration: a sympathetic extension of his own frets and cumbered longings, divining the drift of needs that he could only feel in foiled confusion. In those days he always thought of angels as stout and breathing visibly through blue and white aprons; not quite completely hooked at every point, and apt to lose a slipper as they hovered round in ministration.

"Willie, avick!" It all came back upon the breath of those two words, as his mother laid her hand upon his brow, and asked "if the poor head was very sore with him?"

So for the rest of that night they were happy together.

But in the morning all was wrong again. Danby found his mother, marvellously girt about, with a face that seemed to be keeping Ash Wednesday, preparing breakfast, amid extraordinary havoc and dismay. She was more vulgar than ever in the daylight. Oh, this was what he never could have believed. But he forced himself, and kissed her with what seemed to him expansion, and was, he verily believed, kind and warm.

At breakfast he spoke about getting a servant, but Mrs. Danby would not hear of that. She had no opinion at all of girls, and, indeed, she was well able to do for her son's house.

William deferred to her views. In truth, they fell in with his own secret desire. If a maid came in the news went out; and, for the present, the news was best indoors.

The Shame of William Danby

He must prepare Dora. He must break his mother gently.

When he had unpacked the large brown trunk and had undertaken to send in the little things which would be needed for the day, Danby wished his mother good-bye, and set forth upon his visiting. Suddenly, however, he reappeared.

"Oh, by the way," he said, standing with his back to Mrs. Danby, and staring out of the window, "in case anybody comes, there might be no harm—in fact I think I wouldn't—you see, nobody has had a hint of it, and it would be taking the town rather short . . . no, I wouldn't say anything at present."

"I wouldn't understand you, darling," said Mrs. Danby; "sure, I'm no way given to gossip, and what acquaintance would I have in this strange place?"

"Exactly. I wouldn't make any friends at first—not till you know who they are; and I wouldn't tell them who *you* are."

"Indeed, Willie, I never make no freedom with the people . . . but I must be very stupid entirely this morning, for I wouldn't see the meaning of this at all, saving just to mention my—"

"I wouldn't even mention that—I would leave people to think just what they like."

"Very well, Willie—whatever you please."

"Yes, I would leave them to guess for themselves. Unless you liked to say"—Danby had moved towards the door, and the last words were flung out carelessly from the step—"you had come to keep my house."

"Quite right, Willie. I'll say that, to be sure. I'll give it out that I'm your housekeeper."

She spoke with an even intonation, more quietly than usual. Danby, feeling that the matter was a little delicate, heard her answer with relief.

"Well, just for the present," he said carelessly, "till we have had time to look round us. Good-bye, mother; take care of yourself."

"No fear, darling," she answered, "no fear," and Danby walked away, whistling.

As soon as the sound of his steps had passed, Mrs. Danby flung out her hands and cast her eyes upward, in a gesture of adjuration, almost of imprecation. "He is ashamed of me," she said; "my Willie is ashamed of me"; and sank into a chair, sobbing aloud. Then she pressed her forehead hard, and said, with slow deliberate articulation, as though to convince herself by testimony from without of something

hard to be received or grasped, "My Willie—is ashamed—of his mother."

The words died away; her hands sank upon her lap; and for many minutes she sat with fixed eyes that saw nothing, motionless as a stone.

Alas, how easy some shameful deeds are made to us! What gentle slopes lead our deceptions on? Often, ere we lift a finger or breathe a word, our very wish rides forth, crying before us, "Prepare the way: make sin's rough places smooth."

Before William had walked a hundred yards he chanced upon Amy Finch, high placed by many as Kirkholm's chief authority on other people's business.

"Why, Mr. Danby," Amy said, "I hear you have a new housekeeper come."

"Yes," he answered, taken at unawares, "and I think she will do very well."

No further announcement was needed. Six consecutive advertisements would have secured a less piercing publicity.

Danby's intention was, as soon as his morning round had been performed, to call at Mrs. Whitworth's and begin his revelation. By easy degrees he would prepare his love for the reception, first moral, then physical, of Mrs. Danby.

Confused and unhappy, compassed by uneasy visions of rocks and shoals ahead, William worked through his heavy morning duties, and then, in fulfilment of his purpose, set his face towards Whitethorn Lodge.

But before half the way was accomplished, behold! a voice behind him! He turned, flushing with pleasure, for it was *the* voice.

"Well, Mr. Danby," said Dora, "what dark secret are you revolving now?"

"Secret?" he answered quickly; "why do you say that?"

"Dear me!" she said, "we are very literal to-day. Pray don't scowl at me. Really I have not discovered any guilty secret—it's only the Irish housekeeper."

"Oh," he said, "is that all? How do you know she is—Irish?"

"Bedad," she answered, "'tis aisy knowing that same. Isn't meself just ather shpaking to her? Oh, Mr. Danby, can't I do Irish gloriously?"

"Yes," he answered. "Better than the Irish."

So the feet of William sank deep and deeper into the slough. In a little while the sucking lips had risen so high that struggling seemed hopeless. Self-extraction was impossible. He must wait for

The Shame of William Danby

Luck's kind hand. He was very miserable. His work suffered. His health suffered. He grew peevish and hypochondriac. He thought about little but himself and his love, and the unworthy behaviour of Fate.

He did not notice anything about his mother—except her untidiness and her vulgarity. And yet other things were noticeable enough—as, for example, her paleness, her loss of appetite, her drawn mouth and weary sleepless eyes. She never left the house. She spoke to nobody but her son; and that in his present mood was not an all-satisfying exception.

One afternoon in March—a day of rushing clouds and gusty flutterings—William ran hastily into his house. All that day, as it happened, he had not seen his mother. Except for their unpunctual punctuality his meals had been prepared as usual. But Mrs. Danby had remained invisible. There was nothing very remarkable in this. She had come to recognise, William fancied, his dislike of slipshod, for of late she had isolated more or less her extremest deshables, taking her meals at those times somewhere out of sight.

Dashing in now, he looked around for Mrs. Danby. She was not where that hour usually found her, blending belated washing-up with premature schemes for tea. William ran up to her little room and knocked. "Mother," he said, in much excitement, "there are three ladies coming to tea: Mrs. Sedgwick, and Miss Amy Finch, and Miss Dora Whitworth. Do have things all right. I've brought three cakes and two dozen muffins, and biscuits and—"

"Oh, the poor fellow!" interrupted his mother's voice. "He has enough for a besieged city."

"You will have things nice, won't you, mother?"

"And wouldn't I do credit to my own son? But I doubt the fire went out on me. No matter—no matter. Wait till I have the boots on to my feet, for I was very sick all this day."

"Yes, and your voice sounds queer. I wouldn't have asked them if I had thought; but you will manage somehow, won't you?"

"I will then. I will. Only leave me free, for I'd be nervous being watched."

William ran down, blew up the languishing kitchen fire, and set forth upon the tray of elegance his afternoon service. It consisted of a brown-ware teapot, two breakfast cups (one of them with a handle),

two solid tea-cups, presented severally to "James" and "A good girl," a really generous slop-basin, and a blue-paper bag of sugar.

A good fire was burning in the little study, and fortunately some of the smoke was going up the chimney. Despairing of accomplishing anything amid the complex litter of the table, William cleared a little space upon the harmonium where the tray might safely repose, whipped his old coat and slippers into the magazine (and general) heap in the corner, covering them decently with yesterday's "Kirkholm Times," collected the straggling pipes and dropped them behind the books on his big shelf, and was ready to receive.

It was well; for a minute later there were steps on the ash-path. He went to the door and led the ladies hospitably in.

"I am afraid it is rather rough," he said complacently, as he set chairs and a box. "But I know you won't mind."

"It is delightful," said Mrs. Sedgwick, drawing her skirts very tight, yet managing to keep her gaze upon the angle above the heap.

"Dear me!" said William. "How quick you are! I never saw that spider before."

"He has come to do the honours to us," said Dora. "How interesting a bachelor's room is."

"Very," assented Mrs. Sedgwick, as with a glance she unearthed the sleeve of William's coat. "Might I just touch that picture—now it is straight."

After a little while Dora's eye was caught by William's garden borders.

"How beautiful they are," she said. "There is no flower dresses so well as a wallflower. There is such a restrained sumptuousness in that red-brown velvet."

"Come and pick some," William answered.

"May I?" she said, blushing exquisitely.

He clapped on his college-cap and led the way out.

"I must," remarked Mrs. Sedgwick, as soon as their backs were turned; "meddling or not, I simply must." And rising she swooped upon the mantelshelf. "Look here, Amy; crumbs and tobacco and all the plagues of Egypt."

"Not frogs?" inquired Amy.

"I don't know," answered Mrs. Sedgwick, scrubbing with an old glove and a paper-knife. "No, they like water; more likely pigs."

The Shame of William Danby

Meanwhile William and Dora attended to their branch of the business. It was a pleasant department, and its affairs were conducted in an old-fashioned leisurely way.

"Are they not sweet?" said Dora, as she fastened some flowers in her dress.

"Yes," said William, following the movements of her hands. "They are *now*."



"ARE THEY NOT SWEET?" SAID DORA

"Now, I should not wonder," Dora answered, "if that were a compliment."

Again her colour came, and—really there was no need: it was a becoming colour—she stooped to hide it.

He, too, stooped, and, as she bent, her neck, with a little innocent frisk of hair curling over it—a little tendril lighter than all the rest, a shining straggler from the dark-brown, bronzy coils—lay right under Danby's eyes.

It was irresistible. At least, he did not resist it.

"My darling," he said, as he steadied the tremulous curl with his lips.

Dora rose swiftly to her height. "Mr. Danby," she said, "there is nothing between us yet . . . and I don't think . . . at least I don't know. There are many things to think of first."

"Dora," he answered: "you are not

mercenary, and you would not be afraid of a long engagement."

"It is not I," she said; "I am afraid of nothing. But—"

"Dora," he broke in, catching her hand, "you love me, then; you do love me?"

"Oh, pray question me no more," she said. "My mother . . . you know her views about family and connections. . . . If you could . . . until . . . hark! Amy is calling us."

Indeed she was.

"Coming," cried Danby. "The stalks were dreadfully wiry. Now we have got enough."

William's mind was tossing among tumultuous thoughts. He knew that Dora loved him, and there was joy in that. He knew that without her mother's consent she would never be his—and there was dejection there. Would Mrs. Whitworth ever give her daughter to the son of Widow Danby?

Plans shot through his brain like a shuttle. He must get his mother out of the way while the secret still held firm. He must invent a family history. He must marry Dora, and then . . . why, then let things take their chance. Was middle-class provincial pride to put asunder two lives that God had joined together?

"I am afraid we must say good-bye," said Mrs. Sedgwick, as the truants re-entered the study.

"Without tea?" said Danby. "Nonsense; I'll hurry it up."

He stepped across to the kitchen. "Do be quick," he said; "the ladies declare they must go."

"In one minute," answered his mother. Her back was towards him, but again he noticed that strangeness in her voice. "She is not well," he thought, with no keenness of feeling, as he returned to his guests.

"Bachelor's tea," he said, "does not come quite so naturally as blue to skies and rose to ladies' cheeks. Halloo! who's been deranging my tea-table? That's the harmonium, don't you know?"

He turned to put away some music that had been laid upon the top of the instrument, and at that moment his mother entered.

"Set it here, please," he said, and turned to face Mrs. Danby.

Ah, what was wrong? The tray clattered like some mock orchestra of children; yes, and the steps of the bearer swayed and her face . . . Oh! her face. It was flushed—

The Shame of William Danby



"WHY DO I KEEP HER? I'LL TELL YOU IF YOU WANT TO KNOW. BECAUSE SHE IS MY MOTHER."

inflamed—and the eyes were bloodshot and steeped in a kind of haze.

"She is very ill," Danby thought as he rose to take the wavering tray from his mother's hands. And then he felt something strange in the gaze of the visitors—the gaze that converged upon the advancing face.

And then a sickly waft passed through the room, and William understood.

At that instant the tray fell with a crash, and Mrs. Danby staggered against the table.

"Shocking," said Mrs. Sedgwick, gathering back her skirts from the belabouring shower. "The woman is drunk."

Mrs. Danby put her hands across her face, then she let them drop, and looked at William.

Not a word did she utter, and yet the whole story was told. Through that swift telegraphy whereby hearts of one kin may in great moments touch, William received the truth.

Yes, his mother was drunk; and he had driven her to it. His shame of her had eaten into her soul. Abstinent all her life, unseduced, even untempted, through the long years wherein her husband tried to drag her down, and even sober neighbours urged her to drink and forget, she had given way at last.

If he had beaten her she would not have minded. A woman can put up with that. But there was one thing that she could not bear, and that was the thing that had come. Her son was ashamed of her. She was his housekeeper, not his mother.

The Shame of William Danby

Either the woman's eyes or something sadder and more divine said all this to the young man in one mere point of time.

After that glance, Mrs. Danby's head sank forward, and she sobbed aloud. Alas! her very sobs were drunken.

"Mr. Danby," said Mrs. Sedgwick, rising to go, "why do you keep such a woman?"

William stepped forward and put his arm round the swaying form that rested precariously against the table.

"Why do I keep her?" he asked. "I'll tell you if you want to know. Because she is my mother."

There was a start and a rustle, but nobody spoke.

"If," William went on, "you want to see the meanest cur in Christendom, look at me. I drove her to this—my mother, as sober a woman as God ever made—with my cursed cowardice and vulgarity." Then, laying his head against the old woman's, he cried aloud, "Oh, mother, mother, don't let your heart break till I have had time to atone."

"Whist, Willie, whist," she answered; "you didn't know . . . you didn't know."

Then Dora Whitworth stepped across the room and kissed the woman's face.

"Dear Mrs. Danby!" she said—"dear mother!"

Some Old Cups

"Then take a cup and drink it up,
For Auld Lang Syne."

THESE familiar words recall to us the festive times of bygone days; they bring back to us the friendly faces of the past. Sadly we look around the room and behold the empty chairs which once their dear forms filled. The lips that quaffed so freely of the "loving-cup" are now silent in the grave. The very cups maybe are broken (figs. 1 and 2).

Yet some remain as witnesses of the merry feasts in years gone by. Cups that can justly be termed works of art, exquisite

examples of such cups, varied in shape, and elegant in design; some used in former times by royal personages, others replete with historic tales of enthralling events of the past. Happy those who can of these



FIG. 1.—MODERN "LOVING-CUP"



FIG. 2

"a tale unfold," and of the past weave a cloth of golden memories, chequered with the wholesome lessons of wisdom gained by the follies of a mistaken few.

The word *cup* is derived from the Saxon *cop* or *cupp* and Latin *cupa*, *cuppa*. It signifies, primarily, hollow bending. In a Scriptural sense it is used to denote sufferings and afflictions:¹

"I saw a cup sent down and come to her
Brimfull of loathing and of bitterness;
She drank with livid lips that seemed to stir
The depth, not make it less"

¹ Matt. xxvi. Ps. xxiii.

in shape, and dainty in colouring, fulfilling in every detail the requirements of the laws of decoration, and satisfying even the artistic cravings of a Pericles!

Indeed our museums abound with rich

Some Old Cups

—and also blessings and favours.”¹

“But as she drank I spied a hand distil
New wine and virgin honey; making it
First bitter sweet, then sweet indeed, until
She tasted only sweet.”

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

The bell of a flower and a calyx is called a cup. As such it is prettily expressed in the *Rubáiyát* of Omar Kháyyám.

“As then the tulip for her morning sup
Of Heav’nly Vintage from the soil looks up,
Do you devoutly do the like till Heav’n
To earth invert you—like an empty cup.

As when that angel from the Darker Drink
At last shall find you by the river brink,
And offering his cup, invite your soul
Forth to your lips to quaff—you shall not
shrink!”

The world’s first cups were probably made of the rind of fruits (fig. 3), although a yet more primitive cup may have been formed by the bending of the hand itself. Many have drunk thus out of Nature’s hand-made cup! Our mother Eve was probably the first to set us the example. There are in the Birmingham Art Gallery two drinking-cups, the outlines of which forcibly recall to us the shape of a cup formed by the bending of the hand. The one is of

According to Milton, Adam and Eve utilised the rind of fruits for their cups, possibly gourds, as is the present familiar practice of many tribes:

“They sat them down; and, after no more toil
Of their sweet gard’ning labour than sufficed
To recommend cool zephyr, and made ease
More easy, wholesome thirst and appetite
More grateful, to their supper fruits they fell—
Nectarine fruits, which the compliant boughs
Yielded them, side-long as they sat recline
On the soft downy bank damask’d with flowers.
The savoury pulp they chew, and in the rind,
Still as they thirsted, scoop the brimming
stream.”

Paradise Lost.

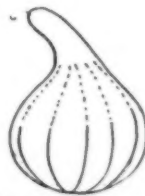


FIG. 6.—GOURD
After Holmes

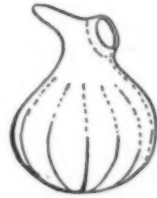


FIG. 7.—CLAY VESSEL MADE
IN IMITATION OF A GOURD
From a mound in South-eastern Missouri.
After Holmes, from Haddon

And again, in “*Paradise Lost*,” when Eve prepares a feast for the angel Raphael, she seeks her cups from the fruit tree:

“For drink the grape
She crushes, inoffensive musk, and meathes
From many a berry, and from kernels press’d
She tempers dulcet creams, nor these to hold
Wants her fit vessels pure.”

And long as the ages rolled, even to the present day, the fruit tree still yields cups. Gourds were early used as vessels. Later, for the more convenient portorage of them, they were enclosed in netting or basketry.² Then clay vessels were made in imitation of the gourds (figs. 6 and 7).

Messrs. Squier and Davis³ tell us that “In some of the southern states (of North America), it is said, the kilns, in which the ancient pottery was baked, are now occasionally to be met with. Some are represented still to contain the ware, partially burned, and retaining the rinds of the gourds, etc., over which they were modelled, and which had not been entirely removed by the fire.” They also state that

² “*Evolution in Art*,” Professor A. H. Haddon, p. 188.

³ “*Ancient Monuments of the Mississippi Valley*,” 1848, p. 195.



FIG. 3.—CALABASH, WITH INCISED ORNAMENT



FIG. 4.—DRINKING-CUP,
WITH HANDLE AND
RING ATTACHED

Chalcedony. The under
portions carved in relief



FIG. 5.—CARBUNCLE
CUP, WITH GOLD
HANDLE, SET WITH
DIAMONDS

chalcedony (fig. 4), with handle and ring attached. The under portions are carved in relief. The other is a carbuncle, with a gold handle, set with diamonds (fig. 5).

¹ Ps. cxvi. 12.

Some Old Cups

the Indians along the Gulf moulded their vessels "over gourds and other models, and baked them in ovens."

Clay vessels have also been imitated from shells, chiefly the conch shells, as



FIG. 8.—JUG WITH THREE HANDLES
Museum of Practical Geology. After Church

specimens excavated from the mounds and graves of the Mississippi valley so amply testify.

Most loving-cups possess two handles, but occasionally one comes across some with three handles, or even four. In the Museum of Practical Geology there is an earthenware cup, or tyg, with three handles (fig. 8), ornamented with medallions. Another cup similarly decorated may be seen in the Willet Collection. It is of Wrotham ware. Unfortunately the rim is so mutilated that one cannot easily decipher the inscription which runs all round the top. In the Wilmot Collection there is an example of a tyg with slip decoration of the eighteenth century, which recalls to us the fancifully lettered "Aller Vale" pottery of the present day, now manufactured in Devonshire.

Our ancestors seem to have been fond of mottoes. Let us hope that the salutary words had the desired effect, and that those who drank from these cups were inspired to more kindly feelings towards the respective members of the brotherhood, or the community at large.

Indeed the grace-cup played a very important part in connection with the feasts instituted by the various guilds throughout England. Without attempting to go into the origin of guilds in this country, suffice it to say that they are coeval with the Norman Conquest. They were "unions between man and man, not mere associations of capital like our modern societies and companies."¹

¹ "Guilds: their Origin, Objects, and later History," by C. Walford, F.I.A.

An interesting survival of this ancient custom of passing round the "loving-cup" still exists with the Leathersellers. At their annual dinner at the Leathersellers' Hall each guest as he drinks is protected by the one who has last handled the cup, who remains standing—a habit conserved from those times when it was necessary to guard the person whose arms were uplifted in drinking, from the side attacks of an enemy.

These feasts recall to us the celebrated *agapé*, or love feast, of the early Christians, when it was customary to pass round the cup in obedience to our Lord's commands. It will be remembered that Christ Himself drank² of the fruit of the vine when surrounded with His disciples at the Last Supper.

Where is now that sacred cup, whose lip was pressed by our Blessed Lord Himself?

The pure Sir Percivale, beloved of the holy monk Ambrosius, vowed to go in quest of it for one year and a day. The good Sir Galahad and the spotless nun both saw it and rejoiced. Floating on a silver beam it cleaved the roof and flashed across their sight, while all King Arthur's knights beheld the luminous cloud alone,



FIG. 9.—ANCIENT CUP FROM GLASTONBURY
After Milner

with dazzling glory lighting each man's face.

"What is it?"

The Phantom of a cup that comes and goes?
'Nay, monk! what phantom?' answered Percivale.
'The cup, the cup itself, from which our Lord Drank at the last and supper with his own. This, from the blessed land of Aromat—After the day of darkness, when the dead Went wandering o'er Moriah—the good saint

² St. Matt. xxvi. 27-29.

Some Old Cups

Arimathea Joseph, journeying brought
To Glastonbury, where winter thorn
Blossoms at Christmas, mindful of our Lord.
And there awhile it bode; and if a man
Could touch or see it, he was heal'd at once
By faith of all his ills. But then the times
Grew to such evil that the holy cup
Was caught away to Heaven, and disappeared."
The Holy Grail.

In his "Archæologia,"¹ Milner makes mention of a grace-cup found at Glastonbury (fig. 9). It is of oak, lacquered. On the lid is carved the Crucifixion. To the right is the Blessed Virgin, and to the left St. John. The well-balanced handle terminates in a bunch of grapes, probably in allusion to Christ as the Vine, and to the juice of the grape, which represents His Blood. All round the cup, under canopies ornamented with fleur-de-lis, stand the twelve apostles, with inscriptions bearing their names. Underneath runs a border of swans and lilies, resting upon quaint animals, presumably of mythological meaning.

Inside the cup are rims and pegs. There were originally eight pegs placed one above another, which divided the contained liquor into equal quantities of half a pint each. "The four uppermost of these pegs remain,



FIG. 10.—GLASS GOBLET, FUNNEL-SHAPED, THE LOWER PART OF THE BOWL DECORATED WITH ARABESQUE ORNAMENT OF DOLPHINS, ETC., IN ENAMEL COLOURS
Venetian, about 1500

vailing habit of drunkenness, introduced to the Saxons by the Danes.

That it was a grace-cup, *poculum charitatis*, or wassel-bowl, is argued from the fact that the size of the cup and the pegs at equal

¹ Vol. xi. p. 411.

distances in the inside, together with the traditional account of the family to which it belongs, points to its being made for several persons to drink out of, in stated quantities, on particular occasions—a habit derived from Greek and Roman ceremonies.

The Italian glass cups of trace-work, made by Salviati, are delicate and beautiful in the extreme (figs. 10, 11). The art of making glass was introduced into Rome by Egyptian workmen. The Emperors encouraged the artists in glass. Pope Clement issued a decree forbidding emigration under penalty of death; yet, notwithstanding this, the art of glass-



FIG. 11.—GOBLET OF CLEAR GLASS, DECORATED WITH VERTICAL BANDS, COMPOSED OF TWISTED THREADS IN OPAQUE WHITE (LATTICINIO)
It. Venetian, sixteenth century

making was exported by the Romans to other countries. Murano, an island near Venice, was used by glass manufacturers for their furnaces in great number. A Venetian glass goblet, enamelled green, dated 1870-8, elegant in shape, may be seen in one of the cases at the South Kensington Museum.

In Germany, drinking-vessels are sometimes ornamented with a shield of the Elector Palatine. They hold one quart, and are called "Wiederkomm"—come again.

Some glass drinking-vessels were found near a farmhouse in Kent, which, having no stands, toppled over, and were accordingly termed tumblers. These were the ancestors of our tumblers of to-day!

In the collection known as the Curium treasure may be seen gilded cups of Egyptian and Assyrian workmanship.

"They are ornamented with subjects familiar to the kingdom of Assur. Beautiful silver-gilt cups of Phœnician workmanship, found at Larnaca, present the same characteristics; the attitude and the costumes of the figures represented on the friezes, and the details of ornamentation, show such a confusion of styles, that we may recognise at one and the same time the uræus of the Egyptian kings and motives employed in the decoration of the palaces of Nineveh."²

The earliest Greek artists copied the

² "Greek Archæology," by Prof. Maxime Collignon, p. 18.

Some Old Cups

Assyrian system of decoration. "Their vases were ornamented, as were the metal cups of Cyprus and of Nineveh, with successive zones, which resembled so many

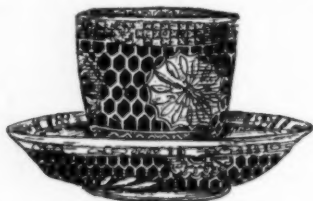


FIG. 12.—CUP AND SAUCER
Chinese, fifth century. After Du Sartel

superimposed friezes. The bronze crater, or large cup which the Dorians of Sparta had ordered for Crœsus, was ornamented in the same way. "It was," says Herodotus, "decorated up to the brim with the figures of plants and animals."¹

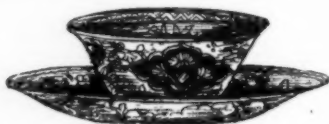


FIG. 13.—CHINESE CUP AND SAUCER—BISCUIT
After Du Sartel

These artists of antiquity could stoop to decorate the drinking-vessels of everyday use. They proved the truth of Ruskin's words,

"Life without industry is guilt,"



FIG. 14.—DRINKING-HORN, MOUNTED WITH
BRONZE GILT STRAP ORNAMENTS
Scandinavian, about fourteenth century

and bent their best endeavours to beautify the common objects around them.

Alas! that these beautiful works of art should be perishable! Though many have survived for centuries, yet countless numbers have been broken.

¹ Herodotus i. 70.

It is related that an artist in glass once made an unbreakable cup and presented it to Cæsar on his birthday. The king was delighted with the handsome gift, and his courtiers shared in his enthusiasm. But while they all admired it, the artist suddenly snatched it out of Cæsar's hand, and it fell heavily to the ground. The audience gazed in awestruck wonder, expecting to see it



FIG. 15.—HAROLD'S ASSOCIATES AT A KIND OF
FAREWELL CAROUSAL
After Montfaucon

shivered into atoms. Instead, however, there remained only a dent, which the artist hammered back, and presented the cup in its original form again to the king—"Who else can make this?" said Cæsar. "No one," replied the artist, for which his head was commanded to be cut off; "for," said the king, "if glass like this be used, silver and gold will no longer be required."

It is scarcely necessary to dwell upon the beautiful specimens of cups produced in China. Du Sartel, in his "Porcelaine de Chine," gives us an illustration of a Chinese cup and saucer of the fifth century (fig. 12). In point of delicacy one can scarcely hope to surpass the fine examples we have of Chinese art. In the aforementioned book may also be seen a cup and saucer of biscuit, which is elegant in form and graceful in design (fig. 13).

In the Birmingham Art Gallery there is a beautiful specimen of a nautilus cup, representing Neptune with his trident triumphantly driving a team of marine monsters.



FIG. 16.—GREEK RHYTON,
A DRINKING-VESSEL
IN THE SHAPE OF A HORN
After Maxime Collignon

Some Old Cups

It is a production of the sixteenth century. Every detail is fascinating, and every portion of the design is in accordance with marine



FIG. 17.—SCANDINAVIAN DRINKING-CUP. SILVER, WITH OLD COINS INSET, 1753

subjects. A cup, indeed, whose lip any monarch might be proud to press.

We turn from this elegant piece of workmanship to the examples of an earlier period, and cups of quaint and fantastic forms meet our view.

Here is a Scandinavian drinking-horn mounted with bronze gilt strap ornaments, of the fourteenth century (fig. 14).

Drinking-vessels made of ox-horns were frequently used by the ancients. Montfaucon in his masterly work on the "Antiquities of France, Regal and Ecclesiastical," describes one of the scenes in the celebrated Bayeux Tapestry. It represents Harold's associates at a kind of Farewell Carousal, where several of them are depicted with horns (fig. 15). The figure to the left signals with his horn the embarkment of Harold. The Greek rhyton (ῥυτόν) also has the form of a curved horn, fig. 16; the pointed head represents the head of an animal—of an ox, or of a horse—surmounted by a large spreading neck, to which a handle is attached. It is sometimes furnished with a foot. There is a beautiful specimen in the Museum at Athens, representing the head of an Ethiopian, with lips painted a vivid red.



FIG. 18.—ANTIQUÉ GERMAN-SILVER CUP ON BALL FEET, WITH ENGRAVED SCROLL WORK

But Scandinavian cups are by no means all horn-shaped. Some are richly embossed, others are set with coins (figs. 17, 18, 19). In fig. 20 we have a cup of Indian repoussé work, with floral scroll ornament, with dogs and figures variously introduced.

The design is very chaste and effective, and every detail is perfect.

Perhaps one of the most beautiful specimens of cups in the Birmingham Art Gallery, of more recent manufacture, is a chalice of silver-gilt repoussé work, chased and engraved, with *champlevé* enamelled medallions and bosses.

In point of colouring it leaves nothing to be desired. Elegant in shape, sparkling with a thousand iridescent hues, it captivates even the eye of the most careless observer of the museum!



FIG. 19.—WIDE-MOUTHED DRINKING-CUP, SILVER-GILT, RICHLY EMBOSSED
Scandinavian

"My life is like a broken bowl—
A broken bowl that will not hold
One drop of water for my soul
Or cordial in the searching cold;
Cast in the fire the perished thing;
Melt and remould it, till it be
A royal cup for Him, my King:
O Jesus, drink of me."

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.



FIG. 20.—INDIAN GORLET AND COVER. SILVER REPOUSSÉ WORK, FLORAL SCROLL ORNAMENT, WITH DOGS, ETC.

H. A. HEATON.

Victorian Anecdotes

QUITE a library might be formed of the books of personal reminiscence published within the last ten years. Even within the last few months we have had three or four of importance; one is not read before another is laid on the top of it. Sir Algernon West's "Recollections"¹ cover the Victorian time. Their interest will be most strongly felt by those who have lived through the same period, and as they read recognise again the familiar names that once had large place in passing affairs. They relate to persons, not events, but are too detached to be regarded as portraiture. There is abundance of incident and character, of anecdote and humour. We see life as it shows in the daily contact of public affairs, or in social hours; everything is fragmentary, nothing is continuous. The notables of a reign are gathered in undress procession.

Looking back, Sir Algernon claims to be an exact contemporary of the great Reform Bill, which was the beginning of a new era in legislation. He recalls the fact that shortly before the Queen's accession a little boy was sentenced to death for breaking a confectioner's window and stealing some sweetmeats. In 1836 there were fifty-two thousand convicts in distant lands, and in 1837 there were four thousand debtors lying in common cells, herded with murderers and common malefactors; lunatics were chained and shown at twopence a head. When we read of these things, there is hope for all who are struggling with social difficulties to-day.

One pleasant anecdote of the beginning of the Queen's reign is given on the authority of Charles Gore.

The Queen's Accepted

"He was much about the court in the early days of the reign, and used to tell us of Prince Albert's visit to Windsor, and how he was kept waiting in the corridor with the household before starting for the ride with the Queen in the park which settled their future so happily. The Queen wore a habit almost touching the ground, with a schoolboy's cap with a tassel on her head. On that day the

Ministers accompanying her fell back, and the Prince was allowed to ride by her Majesty's side, and on their return he was no longer made to wait with the household in the corridor, but had been accepted as the Queen's husband."

Duelling still lingered. It was not forbidden in the Army till 1844, and nearly another ten years passed before the custom was wholly extinguished by ridicule.

A French Duellist

"It was not long after this that there died at Boulogne a Frenchman who had been a brutal duellist, such as is so well described in 'Harry Lorrequer' at the time of the occupation of Paris. A quarrel having arisen between him and a young English officer, a duel *à la barrière* was arranged. Now this form of duel consisted of a rope being drawn between the two parties, who were stationed at equal distances from it. At a given signal the two combatants started to walk to the rope, with the liberty of firing whenever it so suited them.

"The young officer, with the impetuosity of youth, at once fired his pistol, and, having missed his man, continued his walk up to the barrier, when he became face to face with his opponent, who had reserved his fire. The Frenchman put his hand on the young man's heart, and said with a sickening familiarity: 'Brave jeune homme, ton cœur ne palpite pas,' and stepping back, he continued, 'Pauvre jeune homme, je plains ta mère,' and shot him through the heart."

The changes which have come upon society are reflected here in many ways. Thus as to

Smokers Past and Present

"Smoking had existed from the time of Sir Walter Raleigh down to my youth, but only on sufferance, and many was the evening in winter when the smoking brigade was sent across a sloppy yard to smoke in the harness room; when there were less bigoted hosts we were allowed to remain in the servants' hall. No gentleman ever smoked in the streets till after the Crimean peace; and ladies never sullied their lips with tobacco, or ever allowed men to smoke in their presence. It was not till the year 1845 that a smoking-room was first established in the holy of holies of dandydom—White's Club; and it was 1881 before smoking was allowed below the attics in Brooks's. Thanks to the introduction, by the Prince of Wales, of smoking after dinner, wine-drinking is now over. What it was in old days appears almost incredible. The late Lord Clanwilliam told me of one occasion when he had dined at a friend's villa near Putney.

¹ "Recollections, 1832 to 1886," by the Right Hon. Sir Algernon West, K.C.B. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

Victorian Anecdotes

The dinner was extraordinarily late for those days—at eight o'clock. When they at last rose from the table and went up to their rooms, Lord Clanwilliam flung open his window and saw the haymakers coming into the field. 'I wonder,' he thought, 'what hour they begin work,' and on consulting his watch he found it was half-past eight—the haymakers were returning from their breakfasts."

As private secretary of Mr. Gladstone during some of the most memorable years of his administration, Sir Algernon adds various touches to the popular knowledge of the great statesman. He describes him as he found him on his first interview, when he went in response to his call

Mr. Gladstone

"He was sitting at his writing-table wearing a dark frock-coat with a flower in his buttonhole; a pair of brown trousers, with a dark stripe down them, after the fashion of twenty years earlier; and somewhat disordered neckcloth and large collar; and I noticed the black finger-stall which he invariably adjusted over the amputated finger on his left hand before he began to write. . . . In a few minutes he had put into my hands a huge despatch-box full of correspondence in connection with the formation of his Government. It was then that I understood why Sir Robert Peel described it as the hardest task that could fall upon a Minister."

Sir Algernon tells how he often walked home with the Premier from the House in the early hours of the morning—"he bright and talking on every subject but the one on which he had been debating all night."

"He once said, after a heated discussion, in which he had, of course, borne the brunt: 'Do you know, I could not get the debate out of my head all night?' 'I am not surprised,' said I, in my innocence. 'Not surprised!' he exclaimed. 'Why, if I was to allow myself to think over the debates after I had left the House, I should go mad in a very short time.'"

On the afternoon of the day on which Mr. Gladstone made his speech on the Disestablishment of the Irish Church, "I was with him," says Sir Algernon, "at his house at 3.45, and he had not then finally arranged the order of it, and was sitting in his armchair reading Shakespeare—no doubt refreshing his mind with the words of King Lear, which he afterwards quoted." On the afternoon which preceded the debate on the Second Reading of the first Home Rule Bill, when the interest was so keen that members had secured their seats as early as six o'clock in the morning, Morley Arnold visiting him at Downing Street found him

absorbed in a French novel, and somewhat put out by the interruption. The incidents of those days all have living interest. The words with which, on that night, Gladstone began his peroration were on the highest level of true statesmanship; they still echo, and might serve as a motto for other great occasions: "Think, I beseech you, think well, think wisely, think not for the moment, but for the years that are to come." Here is a characteristic sketch of

A Premier's Economy

"Mr. Gladstone's liberality, little heard of, while never exceeding the bounds of his income, was very great, and was curiously accompanied by his love of small economies—his determination to have the proper discount taken off the price of his second-hand books, his horror of a wasted half-sheet of note-paper, which almost equalled his detestation of a wasted minute; for his arrangement of every hour of the day, and for the occupation of that hour, was extraordinary. There was never in his busy life an idle dawdle by the fire after luncheon, or a doze over a novel before dinner. Sauntering, as Lord Rosebery said, was an utter impossibility to him—mentally and physically; a walk meant four miles an hour sharp." . . .

Not less interesting is the following concerning him as

A Critic of Sermons

"Nothing demonstrated his modesty more than his criticism of sermons. It was constantly my lot to go to church with him; and I only once recollect his criticising adversely, as we lesser men habitually do, the sermon that he heard. 'A very notable sermon,' he would say to me; or, 'A very remarkable reference that he made to Isaiah,' and so on. Once only, coming away from the Chapel Royal, he exclaimed against a very beautiful sermon of Mr. White's, of the Savoy, 'because,' he said, 'he has excited my brain by his quotations, and given me anything but the rest which I want and expect to find in church.'"

One day in conversation at dinner, Gladstone was shocked by Abraham Hayward's views as to a future state. Sir Andrew Clark was present. The following day Gladstone wrote twelve pages to Hayward, who when he was dying said, "Tell Mr. Gladstone I do not die an unbeliever."

We can give no adequate suggestion of the quality of these volumes but by extracts, and to these there must be a limit, but let any reader who desires to renew acquaintance with the men of this age turn to these overflowing pages.

W. S.

Archibald Forbes

BY H. W. MASSINGHAM

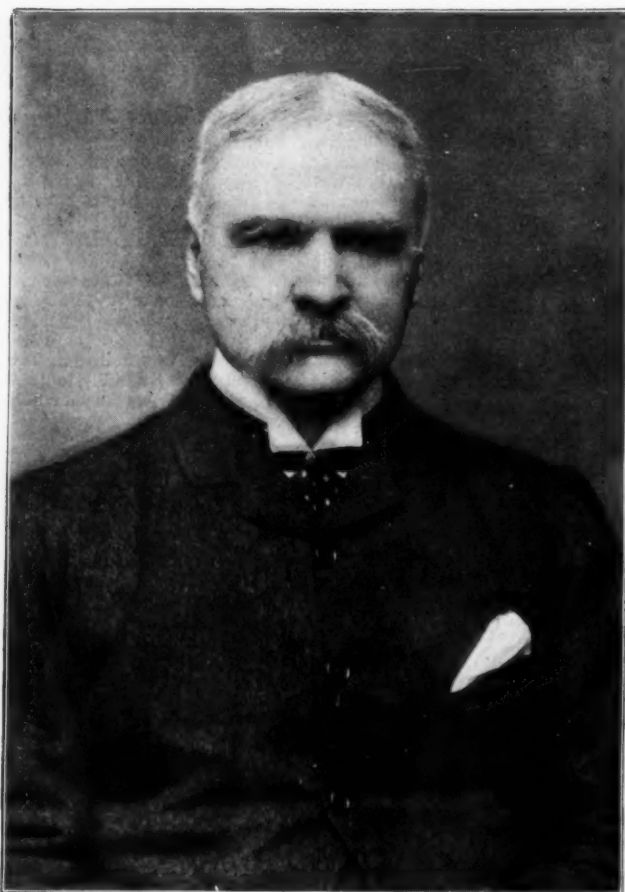


Photo by Ball, Regent Street

ARCHIBALD FORBES

"**A** RCHIBALD FORBES from Metz." In these words, scribbled on a bit of writing-paper, Archibald Forbes made his entry into the great world of war-journalism. Fortunately, they were addressed to an excellent judge of men. Sir John Robinson, the manager of the "Daily News," was—in common with the rest of the world—deeply concerned to know what was happening in the great Prussian "laager" round the French stronghold. So

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the traveller was promptly shown up to the managerial room. He came in with his dragoon's swagger, his big moustache, his rather fierce grey eyes alight with anger and impatience, a shabby, travel-stained figure. He had been to more than one great newspaper office, and had been repulsed, notwithstanding the obvious value of his work. "Nice place, London; no one will see you!" he grumbled. Smoothing down the ruffled man, Sir John in a few minutes had his story in plain, abrupt phrases. It was a windfall indeed. Forbes had come straight from the Prussian lines. Though he did not speak German, and represented no paper of first-rate importance, he appeared to have the complete confidence of the authorities. He had passes right through their lines. But he was bothered about a little paper which he owned, the "London Scotsman"—long since dead. "I'll take it over," cried Sir John, and he did. Forbes was fasting; food and tobacco were found him, and he was set to work in an adjoining room, Sir John watching anxiously over his new-found treasure. Hour after hour he wrote, a clear, masterly account of the entire military situation. When he finished, he proposed another task. The Germans were being wrongly accused of ill-treatment of the French, and, full of his subject, he wished to convince the English public of the truth. Sir John shook his head, and Forbes stared fiercely at the refusal. "You will not do that," continued Sir John; "you will do something much

better. You will go straight back to Metz as our correspondent." Forbes asked for 100*l.* in five-franc pieces. In the evening they were found for him. Of his own capacity he made one modest remark: "I've one pull over the other fellows—no compliments, please—and that is that when the day's work is over I can walk forty miles without tiring. And when your horse is requisitioned by the military, as it often is, that is always a help."

Thus began the career of the most brilliant of war correspondents. Brilliancy was indeed Forbes's special quality. His work had the fine flash and go, the power of instant observation, the gift of easy, adroit expression, the spirit and feeling both of the battle and of the larger task of campaigning, which make the ideal correspondent. Politics troubled him little. He had the soldier's eye for the objective fact—what lay behind it was less important. Physically, he had a wonderful equipment for his work. He looked the part of the cavalryman that he was to perfection—a great, bronzed, heavily moustached, upstanding figure of a man. His nerve was worn out before his time; but it served him through ten years of campaigning in all climates. He was as great a rider as he was a walker. He records that in the course of the Russo-Turkish war, he rode three hundred miles in six days, and his famous Ulundi ride was for one hundred and ten miles. Sleep seemed a superfluity to this man of iron. He outpaced every one of the Russian gallopers who hurried back from the Shipka to take to the waiting Tsar at Gorny Studen the news that Radetzky had held his own against Suleiman's attack, and that in all probability the Russian plan of campaign in the Balkans had been saved. Forbes has left on record, in a picture of singular power, the appearance of Alexander II on that memorable day—a picture only surpassed in vividness by his friend MacGahan's portrait of the battle-worn Skobelev after the failure of the third Russian attack on Plevna. Working together, these two men made a singularly perfect combination. MacGahan had the larger power of generalisation, the more reflective eye, the stronger grasp of the great drama of war and politics that was being played out in 1877 and 1878. But he had hardly Forbes's soldier sense, his love and knowledge of military detail, and he certainly possessed a less wonderful physique. They have gone and left no

heirs; save perhaps among their comrades of twenty and more years ago.

Forbes was a great campaigner. He followed nearly all the phases of the Franco-Prussian War. He slipped into Paris at the end, and painted the Commune and the Communists in a few sharp, living touches. He was in three campaigns of the Civil War in Spain. He gave a vigorous and caustic description of the annexation of Cyprus. He told the sad story of the death of the young Bonaparte. Perhaps he never did quite so well as in the two great European wars of the latter half of the nineteenth century. It is curious that this man, an ex-private in the army, without social backing of any kind, gained and kept the confidence of many of the leaders in the German and even the Russian armies, in spite of the fact that an Englishman was, in the year 1877, reasonably suspect to the chiefs of the hosts of "The Liberator." Perhaps his most remarkable feat was his record of the action in which Krüdener and Schahofskoy were driven back in bloody rout from their frontal attack on the Plevna redoubts. The action, which changed for months the fortunes of the campaign, was fought on July 31. It was prolonged far into the dark, the Turks issuing from their trenches and mercilessly shelling the retreating Russians. The Russian retreat continued through the night, and no rest was possible for general or correspondent. The scenes and consequences of the fight were of an appalling character. To Forbes's difficulties was added the personal distress arising from his unsuccessful search for his comrade, Mr. Villiers, and his belief that he had met a horrible fate at the hands of Bashi-Bazouks. He had a forty-mile ride to Sistova, and thence a long journey to Bucharest. Yet his speaking story of the battle was in the hands of the readers of the "Daily News" of August 3. On August 2 he wrote a long, thorough, and accurate account of the later passages of the battle, and followed this up by an exhaustive survey of the change it had wrought in the Russian plans on either side of the Balkans. I confess that I recall few instances of judgment and observation, working at such tremendous pressure, and producing results at once so attractive and so sound.

A thorough student of war, Forbes lost no opportunity of illustrating its lessons and bringing home its problems of strategy and tactics to his lay readers. He knew

Archibald Forbes

well that guide-book of war, the Napoleonic campaigns. He kept clearly in view the essential principles of successful fighting—the possession of clear and well-thought-out plans, the power to work them out in detail, the co-ordination of separate commands, the care for the health and food of the soldiers, the necessity of thorough preparation for engagements by careful scouting—all the points, in fact, which we have forgotten in 1900 just as the Russian general staff and most of the divisional commanders forgot them in 1877. It is curious that he insists on "khaki" as the ideal soldier's dress. He warns his readers that the day of frontal attacks is almost over, owing to the greater power of the defence, and the increasing deadliness of modern rifles. Plevna, indeed, was largely a forewarning of the troubles we have endured in the South African War. The Russians attacked in front, when they might have turned the Turkish trenches from the south. They tried to assault difficult positions held by foes weak indeed in attack but strong in defence. They pushed a too scanty force too far in front of their main line, and suffered in consequence. Seeing all these things, Forbes had also a keen eye for the minutiae of war. He remembered the best kind of picket-peg for cavalry horses. He was always ready with a happy illustration from his earlier campaigns. Here, for instance, is a reminiscence of the Franco-Prussian War called up by the sight, dear to an old dragoon, of a detachment of Russian cavalrymen of this class:

"There came to me in 1870-71 the realisation that there were heavier cavalry regiments in Europe than the Royals and the Greys. The cuirassiers and the dragoons whom Bredow and Wedel led in that fierce ride on the French cannon on the red day of Vionville were, man for man, horse for horse, more massive than my old fellow-troopers, and only yesterday I realised that the Russian dragoons were heavier cavalry than the stout swordsmen of Bredow and Wedel. Horses seventeen hands high, neither clumsy nor weedy, strong-boned, close-coupled, powerful-quartered, noble-crested, with small well-bred heads, and the stamp of immense power and leonine courage pervading the whole frame. Men tall, square-shouldered, clean-flanked, rather heavy-limbed perhaps, but without clumsiness—men, in fact, of the stamp of our dalesmen, who furnish the best troopers to our household cavalry, only for the most part of greater breadth of shoulder and massiveness of limb."—*Letter from Bucharest, June 9, 1877.*

It is this kind of touch that one misses from the work of the modern war corre-

spondent. He is an excellent journalist. He can describe his personal impressions of the battlefield with humour or with adroitness. If he is of the type of the late Mr. Steevens, or Mr. Julian Ralph, he can make these fugitive touches live, for a few moments at all events, in the imagination of his readers. But it seems to me that he too often sees things in wrong perspective, that he has no real grip of his subject, that the art and science of war are reduced for him to the dimensions of a show, without aim or guidance. Failing to see these things, he fails also to see the true morals of a situation, the genuine character of the soldier, the larger bearing of the fateful events in which he plays a part. Forbes, at all events, saw not only the drama of war, he knew the characters and methods of the actors, the motive power of the machinery, the entire "set" of the piece. Perhaps he made it too romantic; too fascinating to the reader; and was too careless of its sordid and squalid side.

For all that, he was a most fearless critic. What he would have done in these new days of the press censorship, when correspondents are called into the general's tent, have his despatch read out to them, and are then told that they must frame their battle stories on that document if they want them to pass the censor, I should not like to say or even to guess. He was a forcible man, and expressed himself in forcible language. He condemned German and Russian generals with much freedom; yet his despatches on the Balkans campaign were freely printed in Russian newspapers, and on them much Russian criticism of the war was founded. Perhaps his best work does not quite approach the standard of literature. He was not nice in phrasing; he took the word that suited him, for he necessarily worked at a tremendous pace. But the true literary spirit is there: the passionate ardour of the craftsman for his work, the wide knowledge, the unfailing memory, the sense of proportion, the artful blending of details with the general plan of the picture. His last years were years of pain and constraint. The sword, relentlessly used, wore out the scabbard, and the later campaigns of the British army saw him no more. He was a good friend to his friends, but he spared no one when it was a question of getting his despatch through first. If he had his life to live over again, he would probably elect to spend it as it passed away for him between the seventies and the eighties.



LE MARCHÉ DU TEMPLE (THE ORIGINAL BUILDING)

The Petticoat Lane of Paris

THE name of the Temple is not connected with pleasing memories for those who know anything of the history of Paris. It was derived from a stronghold of those unhappy Templars who early in the fourteenth century suffered death by fire that their domains might enrich the coffers of Philippe le Bel. In a tower, the sole relic of the mediæval fortress, Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette felt the first pangs of their fatal imprisonment, and in it their unfortunate son languished and died. With the demolition of this tower in the early years of the present century the last visible token vanished of these "old, unhappy, far-off kings." The melancholy site was occupied in 1808-11 by a market (Halle au Vieux Linge), the predecessor of that busy beehive which is one of the most curious sights of modern Paris, and is hereby brought to the notice of the adventurous tourist.

The original building, though designed on a more modest scale than its successor, and constructed somewhat recklessly, it might be thought, of wood (see illustration above), nevertheless harboured beneath its roofs no less than eighteen hundred stalls, grouped in squares or "carrés." Each of these had

its particular name, grotesque or grandiloquent, and was devoted to a special department of the "marine store" trade. Thus at the "Palais Royal" were *articles de luxe*, ribbons, hats, velvets, silks, and satins; at the "Pavillon de Flore," bedding and bed linen; at the "Foiêt Noire," boots, shoes, and male clothing; at the "Pou Volant"—name of ill omen—old iron and allied miscellanea. This institution, however, did not escape the inevitable Haussman, and was rebuilt in 1865 at a cost of nearly seven million francs. The Compagnie Générale des Marchés, in whose hands are no less than twelve of the Parisian public markets, hold this one for fifty years from 1865 at an annual rent of 175,000 francs.

It would seem that the business of the market is not so flourishing as it was, for the number of occupied stalls has diminished.

The fastidious tourist must not suppose that nothing is sold here but articles that have lost their freshness, or have graced the persons of a succession of owners. This error, a very prevalent one, is due to a confusion with the Carreau du Temple, of which I shall speak later, and

The Petticoat Lane of Paris

which is devoted exclusively to articles of that kind. Second-hand objects have always been sold in the market proper, but there is also a very large proportion of new, numerous stalls selling nothing else. The decline in rents is probably due to the fact that this part of the business has been largely usurped by the so-called *magasins de nouveautés*. Formerly the stall-keepers procured their goods by purchasing the old stocks from the warehousemen of the Rue du Sentier, the Bread Street or Friday Street of the City of Paris. The immense shops which have grown up in Paris of late years do the same thing now, except that, instead of buying the old stock of the warehousemen, they buy at a considerable reduction from the manufacturers the novelties of the previous year, which the manufacturers' customers among the fashionable shops will have nothing more to do with. Hence the many surprising "bargains" of bewildering variety.

Complete sets of "properties" for the whole of Vanity Fair are to be had at the Temple, from the layette for a newborn infant to a mortuary crown. At one stall is the white dress for the first Communion, with the prayer-book, handkerchief, and the silk bag, or *aumônière*, to hold them,

and even the religious medal for the communicant's neck; at another a wedding trousseau, all complete—bridal dress, orange wreath, and all. The visitor is sometimes startled at being suddenly confronted with one of these costumes draping a lay figure, with which the Templars delight to ornament the outside corners of their shops. No less peculiar is the mode of doing business, which is based on the principle of the Dutch auction. By dint of subtle manœuvres the thrifty housewife will bear away for three or four francs an article which the *marchande* declared she would never part with for less than twenty. The foreign visitor would hardly be permitted to drive the bargain to such lengths, and any attempt at further reduction after the sum was reached which such an outsider was expected to pay would elicit a volley of choice witticism in a tongue unknown to the Academy.

An English friend, not precisely fluent in the French tongue, wishing to pick up a bargain at the Temple, prevailed upon me to accompany him. We soon found the article we were in search of, but the price being exorbitant we walked away. This manœuvre had the effect of inducing the good lady at the stall to bate a franc from her price, and a repetition of it induced her to make still further reductions. On our saying finally in a decided tone that even this was more than we cared to give she replied: "I know exactly what you want: I have the very thing for you inside, at your price." My friend having still a little faith in the Temple *marchande*, we "walked into her parlour."

Here it is necessary to remark that these shops are very much like boxes with three entrances to each. Most of the goods are displayed outside, but quantities are contained inside, in cupboards and drawers.

As soon, then, as we ventured in, the good lady promptly let down, at two of the exits, a sort of counter, working on a hinge, turned us over to her daughter to serve, and herself squatted down in front of the only available exit, pretending to finish her lunch. Her massive frame effectually prevented all chance of escape in her direction, and it was only too plain to us that we were caught in a trap. The barometer of her cupidity rapidly rose. To save our dignity we made the *marchande's* daughter a last offer of about half the sum we were prepared to give, but five minutes' more haggling brought



LE MARCHÉ DU TEMPLE (THE NEW BUILDING)

The Petticoat Lane of Paris

us no nearer agreement, so there was nothing for it but to bolt, each diving under his several counter. With some damage to head gear I managed to execute my part of the programme; but my friend was not so fortunate, for the daughter, by a well-executed strategic movement, cut off his retreat. Being a prime necessity to the beleaguered, in my capacity of dragoon, I had to go back and conduct a parley—from the outside. At length the hostile forces relented, and yielded the article at a reasonable price. As we hurried off, the kind ladies expressed a hope that we would favour them with a continuance of our custom, since no one in the Temple sold as cheaply as they did. Mama then put away her lunch, until her portly presence at the exit should again be required; and the daughter, who acted as *râleuse* (tout), took up her position outside, and the trap was again in working order. The other stalls appeared to be furnished with similar aids to persuasion, and our temporary imprisonment caused no excitement among the neighbouring stall-holders.

The curious visitor, having safely eluded these too enterprising establishments, should not fail to visit what is really the most interesting part of the Temple, a large oblong gallery over the central portion of the Marché, called the *Carreau*. This is reached by iron staircases at the four corners, each guarded by a doorkeeper, who exacts a halfpenny entrance fee, and in return hands the visitor a cardboard slip to be given to the check-taker. No one with any tincture of clothes-philosophy will regret this modest fee. There are no stalls with cunning devices, no importunate saleswoman. The wall space of the room is mapped out into numbered lockers, and each owner displays on the floor in front a pile of second-hand goods. The salesfolk are compelled by the officials to confine themselves rigorously to their allotted spaces, so as to leave long passages between the "exhibits," but in compensation these are often piled breast high, where the nature of the goods admits. Some three hundred such piles will be found on a busy day, ranging in size from a huge heap of counterpanes or blankets, topped by lighter or more attractive wares, to a broken lamp and a few rusty old tools displayed on a dirty cloth. Here are gathered the flotsam and jetsam of Parisian coquetry, articles created by the genius of the most expensive modiste side by side with well-worn bonnets,

dress coats, fancy dresses, body linen, etc. etc.

Nothing whatever may be sold at first-hand, but wherever possible the nimble



THE RENOVATOR OF BOOTS AND SHOES

fingers of the *revendeuses* have been at work, making the most unpromising materials into saleable articles, with true Gallic thrift. Fully five-sixths of the salesfolk too are women, and, oddly enough, the Jewish element seems to figure very little among them. The source of the wares is as miscellaneous as their quality, but a large proportion of them have doubtless reached the *Carreau* as perquisites of valet and *femme de chambre*. Among hats, for instance, the *chapeau de forme* (less elegantly styled the "stove pipe") is in great abundance, and often goes far to prove the fabled immortality of that particular head-gear. Boots and shoes lie in interminable rows—here the once dainty *chaussure* of a ballet dancer, there the hobnailed brogues of a peasant; tail coats that had graced many a dinner and the liveries that had waited upon them. There is an astonishing quantity of old gloves of every sort under the sun; and male clothing cleaned and pressed so as to deceive the keenest eye (our illustration is the portrait of a well-known renovator of boots and shoes). Curtains with sets of spare fringes and tassels are a noticeable item. There are also stocks of imitation bronzes, of false jewellery, and generally speaking of wares

The Petticoat Lane of Paris

that are not all the owner would like them to be thought.

The customers of the establishment belong chiefly to the working classes, but the *bourgeoisie* are not above an occasional visit to the Carreau, and on most days, half a dozen or so of well-dressed ladies will be found in search of bargains. The place is of the greatest service to those of the very poor whose occupation requires them to keep up a certain show of gentility. Charitable persons, knowing in what esteem these goods are held, often make large purchases for distribution in times of need.

The intending visitor should take warning that there is a great difference between the aspect of affairs on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays and the other days of the week. These three days are chiefly affected by the old clo' men, whose name is derived, like that of their London confrères, from their familiar cry (*chand d'habits*), and the *chineurs*, or collectors of dilapidated goods, who dispose of their wares to those whose trade it is to renovate them. Sunday, on the other hand, is the chief day for the purchasing public, when the average attendance is about two thousand.

Wishing to study the working of the Carreau, I paid it a visit one day in November. The approach of winter had already made itself felt, and the vendors of great-coats were driving a roaring trade. I noticed one man, whose air of poor gentility marked him out as probably one of the ill-paid class of minor Government officials. He was engaged in fitting out his son, and was so bent on getting both fit and quality for his slender outlay that so long as I could follow his progress from one pile of clothing to another he did not venture on a purchase. Close behind him came a young couple evidently setting up housekeeping, buying here a candlestick and there a blanket, and giving each other the benefit of mutual criticism when a purchase of garments was made. Young men less happily circumstanced appeared to be mostly accompanied by a friend or two as advisers. I was much puzzled by one young man of somewhat uncouth exterior, who passed from stall to stall examining nothing but gloves of the lightest hue, and finally selected a pair of lavender kids with black stitching, the very last article I should have expected he would pitch upon, judging from his appearance. The vendor noticing my interest vouchsafed the information that he was a "super" at a theatre. She also

informed me that she had a considerable number of customers among the less fashionable actors and actresses, who were thus enabled to equip themselves as real ladies and gentlemen at a trifling cost.

Another figure that attracted my attention was a stalwart specimen of the *Garde Républicaine*, magnificent with cocked hat, cavalry sword, and clanking spurs. This warrior seemed somewhat deficient in nerve, and I watched him pass round and round the hall in evident hesitation. At last he plucked up heart, and unflinchingly seized hold of an umbrella, opened it, held it up to the light, and scrutinised it with a knowing eye. The article, or the price, did not suit him, however; and feeling himself now a match for anyone, he visited one stall after another where umbrellas were on view. The search was fruitless, and so, as "*on revient toujours à ses premiers amours*," he returned to the scene of his first attempt, and proceeded to beat down the price. He hoped madame would excuse his pertinacity, he said, but of course he could not be expected to waste his entrance money (the single sou above alluded to). Finally madame gave way, though professedly in hopes that her unselfish behaviour would secure a continuance of his favour, and the paladin stalked away with the umbrella done up in newspaper under one doughty arm and his long sword under the other.

At a neighbouring stall was a well-groomed elderly dandy selecting a hat, and trying the effect in the hand glass that dealers in these sort of goods always keep ready for customers. I watched him try on in succession nearly a dozen varieties of head gear—hats low, hats high, hats sedate or outrageous, panamas and wideawakes, each of which, to hear the vendor talk, was the identical thing for his style of beauty. Deaf to the voice of the charmer, he moved along to the next establishment and inaugurated a fresh series of experiments.

A little farther on was a middle-aged gentleman making extensive purchases under the critical eye of his spouse. A certain rakishness about the set of his hat and the swirl of his cane proved an accurate index of his tastes. I met him afterwards in the street, carrying under one arm a silk hat of still dazzling brilliance and a parcel of clothing open at the ends, in which could be discerned a pair or two of trousers of juvenile hue and pattern and an assortment of neckties worthy of the Burlington Arcade.

The Petticoat Lane of Paris

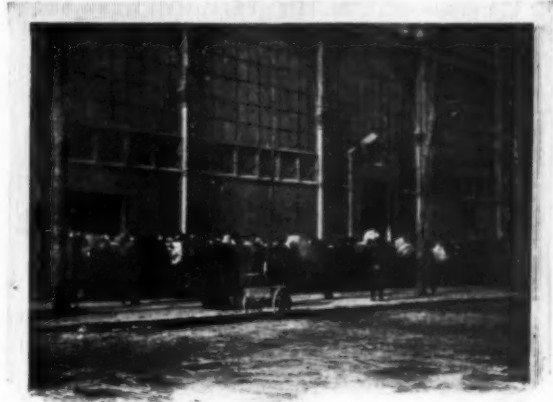
The Carreau, I found, presents a pleasing contrast to the more aristocratic market below; the salesfolk are never importunate, confining themselves to "What do you lack, sir?" and there is no risk that a failure to purchase will expose the visitor to insult. The promiscuous trying on of boots, bodices, and waistcoats presents a curious spectacle, but not one that need deter an intending visitor.

No one should be content with a single sight of the Carreau. It should be visited when the old clo' professionals come in with their stores to sell, and the wholesale dealers to purchase. There is an ardent competition, and as each seller dumps down on the floor his load a crowd of eager buyers surround him, and turn his heap over and over, like roosters on their own dunghills, each searching for the articles in which he is a specialist. Waistcoats are the *spécialité* of one, trousers of another, coats of a third, bits of carpet, furs, etc., of others, dress bodices being largely purchased by some English dealers for importation into this country. If the searcher finds his article the haggling begins. That the outsider may not understand their bargaining they have adopted special names for the current coin of the Republic, thus a "pistolet" is the equivalent for ten sous, or ten francs, according to the evident value of the article; a "point," one franc; two "points," two francs; an "écu," three francs; three "écus" represent nine francs; a "croix" means twelve francs, three "croix" eighteen; two "pistoletes," twenty francs.

No degree of dirt or mutilation seems to deter these purchasers, a large proportion of whom are Jews. I never in my life saw such collections of rags and heterogeneous offscourings as some dealers of the humbler sort brought in for sale. The cheapest marine store in the lowest street, it might have been thought, would have disdained them; but in the skilful hands of the *revendeuses* an incredible amount of serviceable articles are evolved, and furnish the poorest

with opportunities such as would otherwise be quite out of their reach. Some of these dealers do not condescend to carry their purchases, but bring a porter with them, who follows their lordly progress from stall to stall, receiving an addition to his load at every turn. I noticed one poor wretch, a cripple on crutches, staggering along under a pile of clothing that almost hid him from view.

The work of the Carreau is carried on from nine A.M. to noon, after which hour, proclaimed by the ringing of a loud bell, no



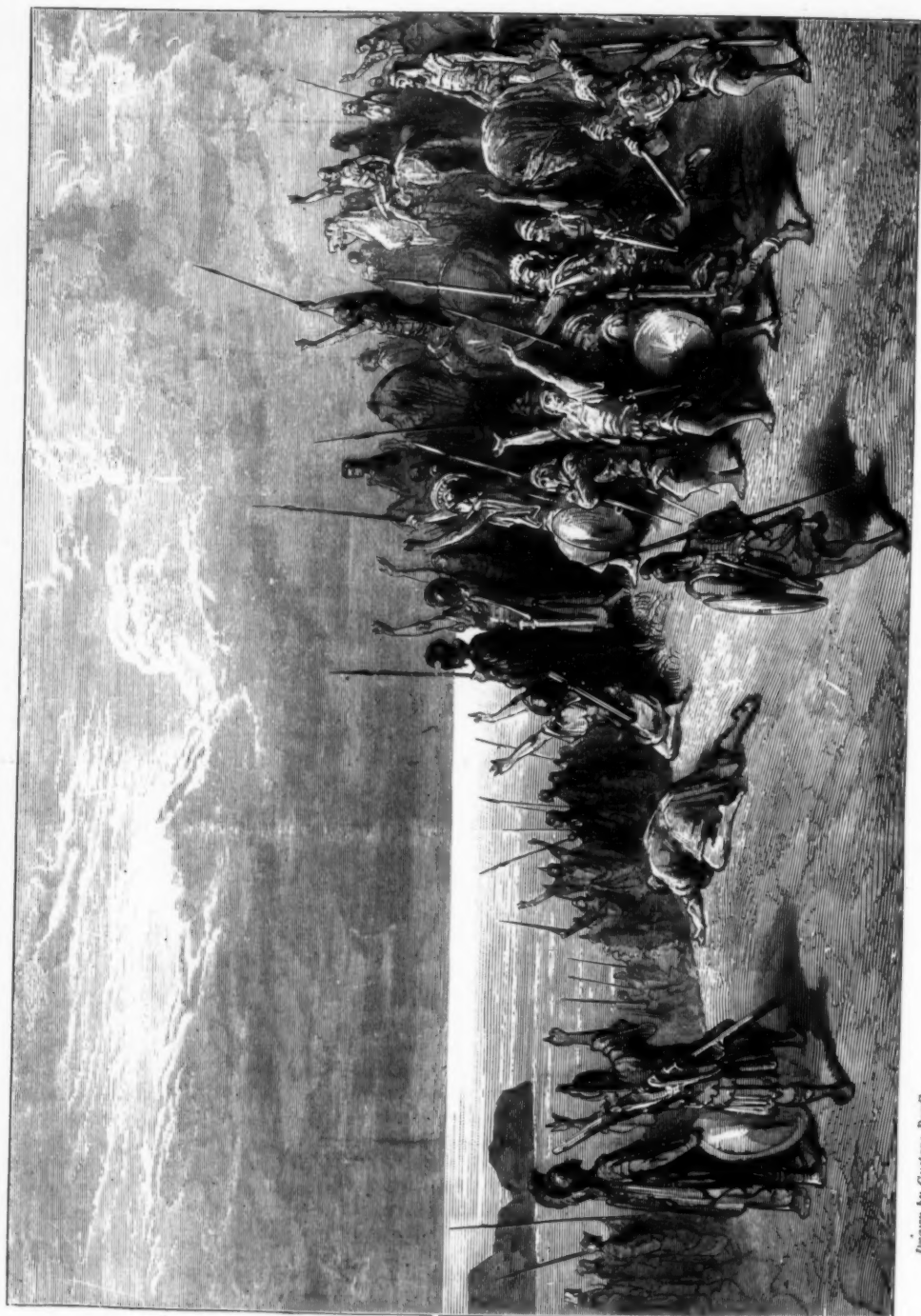
OUTSIDE THE CARREAU. WAITING UNTIL THE CLOCK STRIKES NINE

business can be transacted, and the gallery is cleared of sellers and purchasers. It is a curious sight to see the vast crowd of men and women at their special entrances (for each sex has its separate mode of access) with large packages on their backs waiting outside until the clock strikes nine. Then what rushing, pushing, and scrambling! The old and infirm would have but a poor chance were it not that the Prefect of Police gives special facilities to a certain number of regular attendants of this class at the Carreau, and they have a privilege of "early door" in consideration of their age or infirmities.

Altogether the Petticoat Lane of Paris is far more worth a visit, and is on a much larger and more pretentious scale, than its London prototype.

EDMUND R. SPEARMAN.





THE RETREAT OF THE TEN THOUSAND
"THALASSA! THALASSA!" THE SEA! THE SEA!

Drawn by Gustave Doré

"Θάλασσα! Θάλασσα!"

BEHIND them lay the days of weary march:
The battle field, where shield from shield unloosed
And thick ranks broke as breaks the sand-bound surge
Back-sweeping; sun-scorched deserts bare of hope;
Dishevelled towns; defiles where rocky hills
Entombed the dead; broad rivers barring way
Till the strong swimmer smote; and league on league
Of marshy wastes; while ever one sure will
Controlled the homeward course, wounds and the pains
That vanquish life held as the spoils of war.
A sound as of the crowded market passed
Across the solitudes, and died like voice
Of angry thunder through the woods, or broke
In sudden clamour on the heights, with clang
Of arms like cymbals to a mighty tread.
The very days in slow battalions moved,
The nights set sentinels of changing stars,
Month cried to month till all the year stood still.

Lo! the new splendour of another morn.
The mountains bare them to the silent sky,
The way still slumbers in the gloom behind,
In front a silver glory meets the gaze.
Hushed the great host while wave on wave of light
Unfolds and spreads; then from ten thousand throats,
Joyous, articulate, the cry breaks loud:
"The sea! the sea!" Again, and yet again,
Across the lands and to high heaven it rings:
"The sea! the sea!" One soldier there, thrice scarred,
Sold to dear death, falls. Yonder shines the bourne!

Still through the nights and through the days they come,
The marshalled hosts of men; by winding ways
And level plains, o'er mountain tops where strength
Wrestles with danger; where swift currents dash,
Or sluggish streams make pestilent the air;
Confused their march. Yet one still voice commands,
Till on the morn unknown a mystic pause
Enfolds the spirit, and afar there gleams
The light of the pure, glorious Infinite,
Whose depths none fathoms, where its home is set.



THE TOWER AND TOWER BRIDGE

Up to Lon'on

BY JEM BARLOW

"**T**HANK the Lord I'm a single man!" said old John Woollett, as he stood at the foot of the hill commonly known as Cæsar's Camp, taking his last look at the little farm that was his no more. "'Tis bad enough as it be, but there, 'tis nothing to what it might ha' been had I bin married an' had a family. There'd ha' bin the wife cryin' her eyes out wi' leavin' the dear old place, an' all the children wi'-out a home, an' nothin' worth speakin' of betwixt them and the workus."

"If you'd ha' bin married, John," quoth his friend, who was something of a Job's comforter, "your little uns 'ud be growed up by this, an' you'd maybe have had a son who'd 'ave kept ye out of this bit o' business; or supposin' there wasn't a son, the wife might have had a tidy bit o' money, an' that wouldn't have done ye no harm."

"Ay, there's some truth in that, Sam, sure. An' I woant deny that if I'd thought it would ha' saved th' old place, I'd have

took my courage in both hands an' faced the perils o' matrimony afore I grew that old an' ugly that not a decent lass 'ud look at me. Howsomedever, that's a chance that's gone this many years; so now, old man, good-bye, an' God bless ye, Sammy! You an' me, we've bin rare good friends, an' it's a pity to think we may never smoke another pipe together; but just you wait a bit till I've made my fortune up to Lon'on. When I drives down in my carriage an' pair wi' the money a-jinglin' in my pockets, I'll stand ye the biggest treat you've had since leavin' the Infants' School."

"Ah, John!" said Sam, "you're startin' a thought late in life to make yer fortune, I'm afeard, an' I can't help bein' a bit put out wi' ye for bein' too proud to take a trifle o' help from an old friend; but there! Good-bye, my lad, an' good luck!" and so, with a strong grip of the hands, they parted, Sam going up the hill to the little village of Stour, and John making his lonely way

through the fields towards the dusty high road that led to London.

Good-bye is often a hard word to say, and it rang long in John's ears as he tramped sturdily along the Queen's highway; the very birds in the dusty hedges seemed to shout it after him as he passed. The little farm had belonged to the Woolletts for generations, going from father to son, ever since there had been any village at all at Stour, and the neighbours thought it "main hard" that John, the last of his race, should have been forced to quit before they could follow him to a quiet grave in the pleasant old churchyard. "Lord knows where he'll lie now," said they, shaking dubious heads over his prospects of brighter fortune, and they had hard words and to spare for the creditor whose foreclosure had been John's ruin. Given time, they thought he would surely have made it up in the end, being, as everyone knew, an honest and God-fearing man, with a love of hard work, and a head on his shoulders where farming was concerned. Three bad seasons and a run of bad luck had been too much for him, however, and it was with very few pounds in his pocket that he set out for "Lon'on town."

"That's a true word o' Sam's," he thought; "I'm old to seek my fortune, but where there's folk there'll be work, an' better there any day than in th' old place," referring in his mind to Mr. Brown's offer of ten shillings a week to stop on as day labourer on his own old farm. "That 'ud ha' bin a *leetle* too humblin'." Maybe I hadn't ought to be proud, but I think 'twould ha' broke my back to stoop that low. I'd ha' liked the chap better if he hadn't spoke of it."

John had been to London before, both on business and sight-seeing, and went with no illusions as to gold-strewn streets or friendly hands stretched out to help at every crossing; but he was naturally of a sanguine disposition, and though prepared for a certain amount of difficulty, and thinking he might have two or three days to wait before he got his chance, still he had little doubt of getting a job before the week was out.

The special talent out of which he hoped to make a living was driving. John was a splendid whip, had beautiful hands and a passion for horses, in addition to which he had a great bump of locality, and could learn his way about town or country in less than half the time it took another man.

He would have made an ideal coachman,

and spent much of his small substance in his endeavours to secure such a place; but luck, it seemed, was still against him, and his heart began to sink at the end of a fortnight when he realised that he might count his money in shillings, and that he was no nearer his object than he had been in the beginning.

His lodging was marvellously cheap, a bare little room in a squalid street in the slums of Westminster, whose only recommendation was its cleanliness; but even that, he saw, was now beyond his means, and with a heavy heart he gave notice. His landlady was a pale thin woman, whose bones looked as though they must soon cut through the skin, and whose life was one perpetual struggle to keep herself and her five young children respectable—her husband having passed beyond her power, dragged down by the fierce demon of drink. She, poor woman, would fain have kept her lodger at a reduced rent, but even that he felt he might never be able to pay.

Never before had he come into such close contact with real hard grinding poverty, and now that she thrust her yellow, hideous face so close into his, he was half bewildered, and full of a blind, desperate rebellion against fate.

It was not *his* fault he had always done his best, and yet here he was, face to face with absolute want, and threatened with the shame of destitution; for strange as it is, when we remember Who "had not where to lay His head," there is a bitter humiliation in poverty, however blameless. True, there is always one roof to which you can turn, and where you may eat the bread of charity—unless it chokes you; but John, like so many before him, would sooner have died of starvation and exposure than have sought the grim shelter of the Workhouse.

He was reduced to sore straits, had been obliged to part with some of his decent farmer's clothes, and had spent a sleepless night on the Embankment, listening wearily to the mellow tones of Big Ben, steadily counting out the hours and quarters, when he heard of what looked like a last chance.

Hearing that an omnibus driver had just been dismissed for drunkenness, he went to see the manager of the company, with a new spark of hope in his tired eyes. He did all he could to make himself spruce and clean, and succeeded in looking like a blurred reflection of honest John Woollett, in which, however, the manager caught a glimmer of the innate worth of the man.

Up to Lon'on

He asked him a few straightforward questions, and after reading the letters from squire and rector testifying to his good character and capabilities, seemed disposed to give him a trial. "But," said he, "you must understand, my man, by the rules of the company you are bound to provide yourself with whip, reins, and a good coat to drive in."

John's throat swelled; he had sold his good coat a week ago, and his last coppers were jingling dolefully in his pocket. Giant Despair laid a hand on his shoulder; but, moved by a sudden impulse, the manager added quickly, "Look here, I'll keep it open for you till Tuesday; you must have some friends who would lend you the money and let you pay it back by degrees out of your wages? Two-pound-ten a week—it wouldn't take you so very long if you were economical. If I were in your place I should write to one of those gentlemen who wrote the letters for you. There's time for you to hear from them by Monday night, and you can come to me Tuesday morning."

"Thank ye kindly, Sir," said John huskily, "I'll have a try"; and the manager added to his kindness by providing pen, ink, and paper, not to mention stamps; and, finally, by writing the letters himself, friend John being no scholar.

That was Friday, and I should be afraid to say how many visits John paid to the General Post-Office between that and Monday evening, or on how little he managed to exist. Luckily the nights were fine, and our farmer was too strong a man to be killed by a little starvation; but, by six o'clock on Monday, he was fairly worn out, and his spirits were below zero.

No letter had come for him, the fact being that the vicar was spending his holiday in Switzerland, gathering high thoughts on the white summits of Mont Blanc and Mont Rosa; while the squire was up in Scotland, doing great execution among the birds, and had left directions that no business letters were to be forwarded. John wandered into St. James's Park, a favourite resort of his through all his troubles; he liked to stroll along the shady path running parallel with Piccadilly, unconsciously appreciating the sharp contrast between the scene within and without the pointed railings, and listening to the excited twitter of the birds, and the bleating of the grimy sheep, with the hum of the traffic in his ears; or to sit by the water, watching the stately pelicans posing on their island,

and the smaller fowl disporting themselves in the cool element; but this evening he had eyes or ears for none of them.

He made his way dejectedly down to the waterside, and, passing a bench where a smart young soldier was paying gallant attention to a trim, pretty girl, and another where a cheery old woman knitted industriously with her grandchildren playing noisily about her, he seated himself on one where a young man sat reading.

John took no notice of him, but after a moment the book was closed, and the student turned his head and unobtrusively surveyed his neighbour. Though he had shut his book he still held it closely as though he loved it, as if it were indeed a little living companion to be treated with kindness and consideration; anyone observing him might have known that it was a book worthy of being loved, for the glow of it was still about him, in his dark eyes and the pleasant curve of his lips, undisguised by a moustache. It took some moments to detach his thoughts from what he had been reading, but presently he looked at John with more attention, recognising the flavour of the country that hung about him, and also noting that he was in some trouble.

Both facts were passports to his interest, and after a little further consideration he spoke, remarking on the terrible dryness of the season.

John raised his head, and, as he afterwards said, "took a liking to the young gentleman straight"; so they entered into conversation, which ran chiefly in agricultural channels.

"Down our way," said John, "things were pretty near as bad as could be when I left, an' since then there's hardly been a drop o' rain. If 't goes on much longer there'll be famine in the land; 'tis a pity to see the fields all parched like. Ay—'tis main hard on the farmers!"

"What is your part of the country?" asked his friend.

John named his county, and mentioned Stour.

"Then I know what made me want to speak to you," said the young gentleman, laughing, and it gradually came out that he knew every inch of the country as well, or even better, than John himself, who had spent nearly sixty years in it.

"I come from Peane," he continued, mentioning a place not sixteen miles distant from John's old home, and it appeared that he had paid several visits to Stour, staying

with the squire up at the Hall, and knew Woollett's Farm quite well.

He spoke so kindly and seemed so interested that, before long, John opened his heart and told him of his troubles.

"Well, I *am* sorry," said the young man; "I can imagine what it must have been to you leaving the place where you were born and grew up. One gets to feel every tree about the place a special friend; I expect you loved every daisy on it."

"Ay," said John; adding, with a twinkle, "Not that I were always a kind friend to the daisies. They lost their heads now and again."

"Ah!" said Raymond Pierce, with a quick smile lighting his rather grave, earnest face. "And what are you doing up here?"

"*Nothing!*" said John bitterly, "an' like to do it, so far as I can see, till I die in the street of starvation."

From many good, sensible people this would have drawn a reminder of the work-house, the Charity Organisation, or some other equally excellent institution, but Raymond was perhaps not altogether sensible. He was certainly wanting in that fine, hard common sense that does all its charity by rule with an imposing appearance of method and order. So he did not produce a bread ticket, or an order of admission to the Paupers' Palace. Instead, he asked kindly in what directions John had tried for work; and when he heard of the perilous position of John's last chance he offered help so graciously that he seemed begging a favour, instead of conferring one.

"It seems rather hard," said he, "that you should be expected to provide your own whip and reins."

"Ay," said John, "an' with the other chap's things lying there, he couldn't let me have 'em under seven shillin's and sixpence a day, to be paid on the spot."

"Abominable!" said Raymond. "Well, if you come round to my rooms and have some dinner, we'll see about that business afterwards. Why, man," he said, when John tried to thank him, "it's a pleasure to help you. Besides, I should never be able to look the squire in the face, or the vicar either, if I left one of their friends to be swallowed up in this great whirlpool of a city without stretching out a hand to pull him out of it."

And from that time forth things went smoothly with John. For several weeks he might have been seen driving his 'bus over Westminster Bridge; and then, when the squire and the vicar came to hear of his misfortunes, they were not happy until they had sought him out, and before the first frosts he was duly installed as head-coachman to the squire himself. Many another pipe he smoked with his old chum Sam, who was never tired of hearing of John's adventures "Up to Lon'on," and best of all he loved to tell of that Monday evening in St. James's Park when he reached his darkest hour.

"If so be there's any virtue in an old man's blessing"—then, sure, Sammy, that young gentleman—he shall have the benefit of it."

"Ah!" said Sam, taking a long pull at his churchwarden—"he's one o' the roight sort. He knows a man when he sees un!"

As for the money, be sure it was repaid at the earliest opportunity; and, to the end of his life, John remained Raymond Pierce's most devoted friend and admirer.





AND, RISING FROM THOSE LOFTY GROVES,
BEHOLD A RUIN HOARY!
THE SHATTERED FRONT OF NEWARK'S TOWERS,
RENOWNED IN BORDER STORY.

WORDSWORTH



(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENTS)

Daniel S. Ford, Editor and Philanthropist

ABOUT the time that Mr. Moody died in Northfield, there died in Boston another Massachusetts man whose influence for good on American life had been little less than that of Mr. Moody. This influence, while extending over a period of forty years and reaching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, had been so quietly exercised that outside of Boston the name of the man who was wielding it was scarcely known. This man was Daniel Shap Ford, and he wielded his influence through the "Youth's Companion," of which he was proprietor and editor. In England there is no paper which quite compares with the "Youth's Companion." It has had many imitators in the United States, but they never got on its ground, and it holds a place peculiarly its own and has an individuality which it seems impossible to graft on any similar publication. It had been going forty years, when Mr. Ford took it over about 1857. It was then, however, but a small venture, and at first its progress towards its future marvellous prosperity was slow. In the seventies it was still so small as a commercial undertaking, that when the writers of articles submitted them they handed them in personally to the editor and proprietor, who taking the money from his pocket paid on the spot for the articles he accepted.

From the time Mr. Ford took charge, however, the paper made headway, so much so in later times that ten years before Mr. Ford died the staff and printing plant of his paper were housed in a magnificent building on Columbus Avenue, Boston, a building more commodious and more commanding than the offices of the "London Times" in Printing House Square. Further than this, for twenty years before Mr. Ford's death there was hardly a distinguished man of letters in the United States or in Great Britain who had not received Mr. Ford's liberal cheques for contributions to the "Youth's Companion." It was Mr. Ford's principle to obtain the best in

all departments of literature. Nothing was too good for the "Companion," and to carry out this principle one of the editors visited England every year to arrange for articles. Mr. Gladstone was one of its contributors, so was Lord Rosebery, and in fact there are few men in the front ranks of politics or literature who have not had opportunities, at the request of Mr. Ford, of interpreting some phase or other of English life in the pages of the "Youth's Companion." Unsought contributions poured into the office from all parts of the world. Everything submitted was examined. Sixteen editors were constantly at work reading the manuscripts, and seeing those which had been accepted through the press.

The "Youth's Companion" had obtained its hold before the great changes in American journalism which took place between 1885 and 1895; before the era of yellow journalism, of immense Sunday issues of the daily newspapers; and before the publishers of the daily papers pushed into the field hitherto covered by the weekly newspapers and the magazines. Many of the older weekly papers succumbed to this competition of the daily papers, but the "Youth's Companion" held its own and continued to flourish. Its continued success shows that, despite the demoralisation of the popular taste due to the Sunday newspapers, there is still a vast constituency in America which appreciates a journal in which the tawdry and the trivial, the personal and the flippant are eschewed. While not a newspaper, the "Youth's Companion" has an editorial page in which public questions of current interest are discussed from a high and always independent standpoint. To the end of his life Mr. Ford was the soul of the "Companion," and passed on every line which went into it.

Mr. Ford began his journalistic career as the editor and part proprietor of the "Watchman," a religious weekly newspaper. It was his intention to make the "Watchman" the foremost religious newspaper in the United States,

Over-Sea Notes

but in a dissolution of partnership quite early in his career, much to his disappointment the "Youth's Companion," and not the "Watchman," fell to his lot. The "Youth's Companion" was not a religious journal, but its tone was high, and it would be difficult to name half a dozen religious newspapers published in America whose aggregate influence on American life has exceeded that of the "Companion." Mr. Ford was a man who shrank from publicity, so much so that his paper was published under a trade name, and it is said that up to the time of his death his own name had never appeared in the pages of the "Companion." Mr. Ford belonged to the Baptist Church, and by his will \$350,000, together with the palatial building in which the "Youth's Companion" is housed, was left to the Baptist Social Union of Boston. Out of the capital left to the Union, Mr. Ford directed that there should be built a hall for the use of the Union, for social or business purposes, and for such religious, charitable, or benevolent work as the Union may desire to serve or promote. The Baptist Social Union which is thus endowed has been in existence nearly twenty-five years, and through its committee on Christian work it has given much help to the various Baptist churches in Boston, and has been actively identified with religious and philanthropic movements in that city.—E. P.

The Presidential Election in the United States

AGAIN in 1900, as in 1896, the contest for the Presidency of the United States will be between Mr. McKinley and Mr. Bryan. In 1896 the election turned on the tariff and the currency, chiefly on the currency, for it will be remembered that the Democrats, under the leadership of Mr. Bryan, went into the campaign on a programme which committed them to the free coinage of silver. This year two quite new questions will come before the electors. The Democrats have not entirely abandoned their advocacy of the free coinage of silver; but they are laying most stress on the questions of Imperialism and the Trusts. They are opposed to the United States holding far outlying territories as dependencies, on the ground that possessions so held are alien to the traditions of the Republic, and that as a consequence of these possessions the United States must inevitably carry all the burdens of a great military and naval power.

As to the Trusts, the Democrats hold that these should be brought under Government con-

trol; but so far in the campaign they have put forward no practical plan for dealing with the new developments in industrial organisation which are so disturbing the country, and which threaten to put into the hands of Monopolists nearly every article in daily use. How the Monopolists are using this power is shown by a recent action of the Standard Oil Company. In 1899 this company paid a dividend amounting to 33 per cent. In 1900 its first quarterly dividend was 20 per cent., so that during the present year its dividends are expected to amount to 80 per cent. But after the first quarterly dividend of 1900 was paid, the price of oil to consumers was raised from ten to thirteen cents a gallon, and consumers had no option but to pay the increased price, as throughout the greater part of the United States the Standard Oil Company has long ago driven all competitors from the field. Actions like these on the part of the Trusts are bringing their danger home to the electors, and as in the popular mind the Republicans, the party at present in power, are regarded as allied with the Trusts, the strong anti-Trust movement on the part of the Democrats brings into this year's election a new factor, and gives the Democrats an advantage which can only be offset by the fact that, in spite of the Trusts and their extortions, the country is more generally prosperous than at any time during the last ten years.—E. P.

The Influence of the War on Australian Character

IN a former letter I told you with what enthusiasm the Australian colonies were uniting to send a representative force to the Cape. Since then it has been shown that, as the war assumed greater proportions, the colonies could provide the very type of men required, and contingent after contingent has been sent off with an ever-increasing martial fervour.

No one here doubted that our men would acquit themselves creditably if opportunity were given, and many believed that they would show bravery of the highest order. Some, however, thought that they would be too rash and impulsive. To the surprise of all, they have manifested a steadiness in the moment of danger worthy of seasoned veterans.

The same thing has been noticeable on a larger scale in the colonies themselves. There has been no lamentation over reverses, and not a doleful line has appeared in any newspaper of first rank. There has been instead a quiet but

striking determination on the part of the people to persevere in helping the mother country to the end.

On the other hand, many have been surprised, when the Australians have specially distinguished themselves, at the absence of unnecessary exultation; and while the doings of our boys are spoken of with pride, there has been no boasting.

Anthony Trollope and Max O'Rell have given the colonies rather a bad reputation for self-assertiveness and "blow," but the war has brought out the more solid character of the people. In fact, it has had a kind of chastening effect. Australians have never known the awfulness of war on their own soil, and now, when their sons die in South Africa and they recognise themselves as brothers twin to the ragged and starving but gallant band of Lady-smith, it has softened them wonderfully, and there can be no doubt of the fact that there has been a truer recognition of the Divine Hand in national affairs.

The one thing necessary in the judgment of many was participation in some struggle in which we should learn the value of kinship with a great people, and the value of all the privileges that such kinship brings.

Now that Australia is producing heroes from the ranks of her own native-born, the true note of patriotism has been struck with lasting effect.—A. J. W.

The Fate of Finland

The most recent news from Finland is sad reading for those who believed that the present advisers of the Tsar would deal gently with the doomed Grand Duchy. There can be little doubt now that the methods pursued by the Russian Governor, General Bobrikoff, in the Russification of this province, are in accordance with the worst traditions of Russian officialism. The screw is felt in every department of public and private life. The Finns are a doomed race, and their inborn love of freedom will only make their fate more terrible to bear. The Finnish pastors were among the first to feel the iron hand of General Bobrikoff. A Finnish clergyman, next to being a faithful minister of the Gospel, is a patriot and a lover of his people. He must now preach his sermons in the presence of a Russian

gendarme, who has strict orders to report any patriotic utterances, or utterances dealing directly or indirectly with the political situation. In certain Finnish provinces, where no Russians live, Orthodox Russian churches are springing up, and the Finns are being bribed, by promises of farms and State advancement, to leave their Lutheranism for the Orthodox faith; and the Russian clergyman who can report most "conversions" receives advancement. The Finnish schools and the University of Helsingfors are also being subjected to like vigorous control. The Russian language is now an obligatory subject in all Finnish educational establishments, and no teacher can hope to be employed by the Government unless he has passed a satisfactory examination in this language. The result has been that many Finnish teachers, otherwise perfectly equipped for their calling, have had to resign their position. A terrible blow has been struck at the Finns in compelling the young men who enter the army to serve in Russia. Hitherto the Finnish battalions have served exclusively within the Grand Duchy. The cunning displayed by General Bobrikoff in the new arrangement is cruel. Young Finns serving for a number of years among Russians inevitably lose much of their patriotism, and return to their homes, after their term of service is over, fully imbued with the Russian spirit.

Against the Finnish press the most severe measures are being taken. Since the Russification of the country began over thirty newspapers and magazines have been suppressed, either totally or temporarily, and the most rigid censorship is exercised by the Russian authorities, lest anything should appear in the newspapers calculated to please the national sentiments of the people. No editor of a Finnish paper can go to press without having first submitted his copy to a Russian official, and no new editor can be appointed who is not *persona grata* to General Bobrikoff. The result is that emigration on a large scale continues. Every ship leaving Helsingfors and the other Finnish ports for foreign countries carries away a number of able and intelligent young men and women who are in search of a home where they may live in freedom. The Finns are a brave and a very noble-hearted and pious people. Our heartiest sympathies are with them in the sore trials which they are suffering.—M. A. M.

Science and Discovery

BY PROFESSOR R. A. GREGORY, F.R.A.S., AND J. MUNRO



SATURN, AS SEEN AT M. FLAMMARION'S OBSERVATORY ON JULY 30, 1899, BY E. M. ANTONIADI

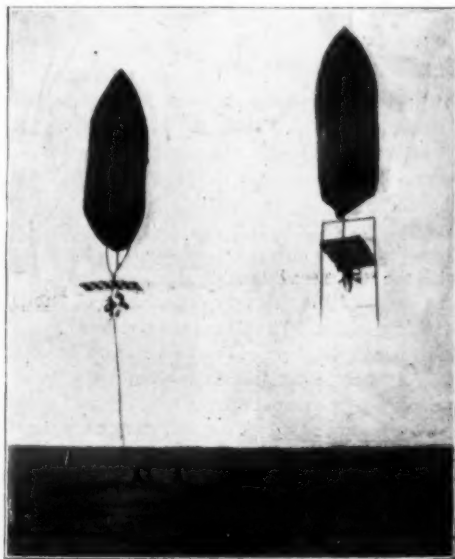
The Latest Drawing of the Ringed Planet

THE finest drawing of the planet Saturn that has appeared for some time is published in the Royal Astronomical Society's monthly journal, and is here reproduced. The picture shows the planet as seen, in July of last year, by Mons. Antoniadi, at the observatory of the famous French astronomer, Camille Flammarion. The belts which encircle the ball of the planet have been conclusively proved to consist of innumerable separate pieces of matter, each travelling around the globe in its own path. It is difficult to realise this when looking at the picture, but observations made by Professor Keeler a short time ago have placed the fact beyond the possibility of doubt. If the rings were sheets of solid material, the outer edge would move at a greater rate than the inner edge, just as the rim of a fly-wheel moves faster than the hub. But Professor Keeler has shown, by spectroscopic measurements, that the velocity of the outer edge is less than that of the inner edge of the ring-system, and this is exactly what would be the case if the rings were composed of separate particles revolving round the planet. At some distant epoch the rings will probably break up, and one part will fall upon the planet, while the other will consolidate to make an additional Saturnian moon.

A Dirigible Air-ship

CONFIDENCE in the efficiency of flying-machines has often proved a fatal fault of would-be aerial navigators. Dr. K. Danilewsky has avoided this mistake in devising the balloon air-ship recently described in the "Scientific American," and shown in the accompanying reproductions

of photographs. The balloon is filled with pure hydrogen gas, and its lifting power is just sufficient to neutralise the weight of a man, and of a flying-machine suspended from it. By this means the aerial navigator can work his machine in perfect safety, for if a breakdown occurs the balloon prevents him from falling. A trial of Dr. Danilewsky's air-ship was made a short time ago, under the auspices of the Russian Government, with most satisfactory results.



Ascending

Descending

THE DANILEWSKY DIRIGIBLE BALLOON

The machine was first taken up to an altitude of 300 feet, and after circling round was brought to a standstill and made to descend, in order to show the Russian officers that it was completely under control. It was then taken out of sight for two hours and brought back to the exact spot from which it started. It need hardly be pointed out that this is a very remarkable result, and represents the greatest advance yet made towards a solution of the problem of aerial navigation. The fact that the aeronaut can devote all his energies to propelling and steering his air-ship, and that the trials can be made without the slightest risk, is a valuable characteristic of Dr. Danilewsky's invention.

Iron and Steel Ships

DURING the last forty years many changes and developments have taken place in the construction of merchant ships, but none are more astonishing than the substitution of steel for iron. In a paper read before the last meeting of the Institution of Naval Architects, Mr. B. Martell gave an account of the transition from wood to iron and from iron to steel, as materials for shipbuilding. As wood was superseded by iron as a material for shipbuilding, so iron has given place to steel. About the year 1885, far more vessels, both steam and sailing, were made of iron than of steel; but since then the use of iron has steadily decreased, while that of steel has increased, and last year no less than ninety-nine per cent. of the tonnage registered at Lloyd's belonged to vessels built of steel, and only one per cent. to vessels built of iron. The iron tonnage was principally made up of trawlers, and comprised no vessel of more than about 300 tons. When these facts are considered it is evident that we should speak of our steel ships rather than of vessels of iron.

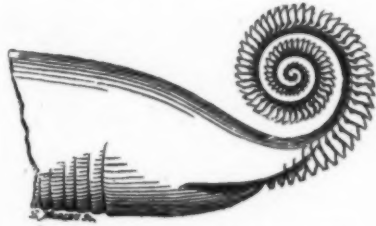
The Heliocoprion

THIS curious fossil, believed to be a remains of an extinct fish, was discovered near Krasnoufimsk, in the government of Perm, Russia, in strata of the Permian age called the "beds of Artinsk." It has been examined by M. Karpinsky, Director of the Geological Com-



HELIOCOPRION: THE FOSSIL AS IT IS NOW

mittee of St. Petersburg, who describes it as about a foot in diameter, and regards it as a



HELIOCOPRION, AS IT WAS WHEN ALIVE

serrated prolongation of the vertebra of the fish, resembling the snout of a sword-fish.

A Mechanical Resuscitator

PROFESSOR LABORDE, of the Academy of Medicine, Paris, and M. Auguste Mouchel, Secretary to the "Mairie" of Valognes (Manche),



A MECHANICAL RESUSCITATOR

France, have devised a little machine for restoring persons in a state of "suspended animation" to life by the well-known method of "lingual traction," which is now used with great success in cases of drowning, lightning stroke, electric shock, and suffocation. The tongue is drawn out rhythmically so as to stimulate the breathing organs, and the method has been effective in cases given up as hopeless, but only after a very long application. The traction sometimes needs to be kept up for three hours before re-animation, and as the new machine, which we illustrate in action, is worked by an electric motor, and quite automatic, it will save much laborious exertion. Perhaps the Royal Humane Society of this country will give it their consideration, for many lives have been lost through neglect of this invaluable treatment.

Varieties

"His necessity is yet greater than mine."

THE chivalrous words of Sir Philip Sidney have come down to us over more than three hundred years. Englishmen still take pride in them, but they are prouder still of their countrymen in South Africa who have shown the same spirit. It is late in the day to speak of the incidents of heroism that have casually come to light—the acts of self-forgetfulness, and quick, self-sacrificing service, alike among officers and men—which have been more than can be chronicled. They together will make a glorious page in English story, and are already the happy memory of hundreds of homes. Here is the testimony of an American correspondent on the Modder River: "A wounded Highlander of the Argyles was being carried to the train; his leg was shattered, and would soon have to be removed. He had fainted from loss of blood, but no sooner did he recover consciousness than he grasped one of the bearers by the arm: 'How's Captain Campbell?' were his first words, and, being told that the captain was well, he asked for several men whom he had seen hit and wounded before his bullet came to find him. Arriving at Orange River, where the hospital was, he insisted on being the last to be moved from the blood-stained floor of the flat car. Tommy has no hatred of the Boer: he treats the wounded kindly, and his water-bottle is at any luckless Burgher's disposal. . . . I have seen a wounded Boer with his head resting in a British soldier's lap, while another gave him water."

The Boer himself has sometimes shown the same chivalrous virtues. Hundreds of such instances have been noted. Mr. Treves, the skilful London surgeon, who himself rendered magnificent service, has paid in the "British Medical Journal" some striking tributes to the men of whom General Buller said that they were "splendid." A poor fellow had been shot in the face by a piece of shell. He had been lying for hours on Spion Hill. He was unable to speak, and as soon as he was landed at the hospital he made signs that he wanted to write. Pencil and paper were given him, and it was supposed he wished to ask for something. But he merely wrote, "Did we win?" His only other anxiety was "not to give trouble." It would seem as if whole regiments of men needed only the opportunity to win the "V.C." In one of the first of his general orders Lord Roberts spoke of "the heroic spirit with which the wounded have borne their suffering. No word nor murmur of complaint has been uttered. The anxiety of all when succour came was that their comrades

should be attended to first." So, too, Sir George White, on receiving an address at Capetown, spoke of his companions at Ladysmith: "During the attack on Cæsar's camp, a remote corner was held by sixteen men of the Manchester regiment, who fought from three in the morning until dusk, when the Devonshires reinforced them. Fourteen of the little band lay dead, and of the two survivors one was wounded; but they still held their position. On the same day the sergeant of one of the guns had one leg and one arm shot off. As he fell across the trail of the gun he said, 'Roll me out of the way. Go on working the gun.'" At every stage of the war these same qualities have shone out. It has seemed as if the higher virtues that Englishmen nurture at home had gone to prove themselves in the field. "Did we win?" "Roll me out of the way!" Is not this the self-forgetful spirit which makes great things possible in both Church and State?

Elephants at Durban

DURBAN retains much tropical beauty, but it has lost its elephants, and the monkeys only look at it from remote points. It has its noble town-hall, and is gradually putting on the adjuncts of a modern town; yet it is not fifty years since an elephant was killed where it now stands. The father of a well-known Natalian of to-day was warned not to take a house there because there were "too many elephants thereabout."

Hailstorms in, South Africa

SUMMER thunderstorms are a feature in Natal. The hailstones may compel the traveller to dismount and put the saddle over his head, or face and forehead may be cut and serious wounds given. In early spring they are sometimes the size of a hen's or duck's egg, jagged, and will pierce corrugated iron. February is accounted a bad month. Floods come so suddenly that one of the most frequent accidents is the sudden overwhelming of cart or waggon in crossing an easy ford. April is a lovely month, yet one of the worst floods known occurred in April. The winter climate of higher Natal rivals the Riviera; all day long one may sit in the sunshine, but at night comes regularly a drop in the thermometer of 30° or 40°. The leaves are, many of them, red in autumn, yellow in spring. The seasons of the Cape follow another rule.

Grass Fires

THE largest grass fire remembered in Natal is one that made its way from Estcourt to Howick, by Karkloof—over ground familiar to

our troops of late—a distance of thirty miles, sweeping away houses and homesteads, and charring the whole region. Such fires cross the widest rivers by tufts. Cattle sometimes escape in ravines, or by doubling back; but sheep have less sense, and perish. They are far less frequent than in earlier days, for the tall dry grass which the summer leaves is burnt down with the greatest care by gangs of Kaffirs round every farmstead or house. The rough colonial prescription is: "Make a little hell of your own"; and the words suggest the terror and the strife of many a bygone day.

Kaffir Runners

We hear much of "Kaffir runners." The Kaffirs always walk quickly, their pace is a sort of amble, half run; they can ordinarily do forty miles a day.

Zulu Voices

THE Zulus can make themselves heard across great distances—from hill-top to hill-top, two miles or more, it is said; perhaps partly by the vowels with which the language abounds, and by the apt use of phrases. We have listened enraptured to six or seven hundred Kaffir voices, rising and falling in one long strain, and no Hallelujah Chorus ever more impressed us with the power of sound.

The Kaffir Kraal

THE hut is built by the man, each one takes from five hundred to a thousand young trees. The tribes, some of them, differ a little in their ways of building. It is the wife's duty to cut grass, carry it home, and do the thatching once a year. The Kaffir woman, too, looks after the hut every day. She cooks the food, gets firewood, makes the beer—the beer being made from millet and mealies. It is mild but intoxicating, and the men will drink four or five gallons. Milk in the kraal is carefully preserved. A wife's relatives may not drink it. If a Kaffir takes milk from a kraal, he may not marry a girl from it. A Zulu woman will carry two hundred pounds of mealies on her head. Everything was, till recently, carried there; when a Kaffir was first seen carrying in the hand, the Dutch thought it a dangerous imitation of European fashion.

Notwithstanding tribal customs, the women sometimes contrive to make their preference felt in marriage. They have so far asserted themselves as to refuse to *hoe* the mealies for planting, and they have it done by the plough; but they will weed. The baby is tied on the back, the woman rocks herself and croons.

The eldest son of the chief wife (who is usually the oldest wife) is the hereditary chief of the kraal. Uncles are called "fathers." Cousins are not allowed to marry, not even if distant. If a wife dies, and there are children, a sister may be taken, and only a small dowry in cattle is expected. If a man dies, a brother takes the wife if the wife chooses. She stays at the kraal,

and all the children, including those of "the new marriage," are held to belong to the widow's eldest son, who is given the father's place as guardian, and takes for the common good, as is supposed, the wages of all the younger men. It may thus happen that a little boy is over his mother and elder sister. If the widow does not marry the brother, but takes another man as second husband, she loses all control of the children of her first husband, and they stay at their own father's kraal. The "head" of the kraal goes with it as "property."

The beehive form of the hut is excellently adapted for protection. The family sleep with their feet to the centre, each straight on the back, wrapped in a blanket carefully covered, head and feet too.

Out of Egypt

THE interpretations of prophecy are many and wonderful. Early in the century there were those who seriously set down the "king" of the Revelation, "who in the Greek tongue hath his name Apollyon," as Napoleon, and within our time we have seen the same as seriously construed by numerals into Gladstone. The latest curiosity upon which we have chanced is a letter to one of the Natal papers, earnestly written by one who thinks that England has a mission for enlightening the dark country of Ethiopia, and also of the southern Bantu peoples. "This has become clear lately, when one remembers that the prophecies (of Jeremiah and Ezekiel particularly) are teeming with the declarations that Egypt shall always be a subject nation (not holding its own any more, as of old—Ezek. xxix. 15). But still it is also said (Pa. lxxviii. 32), 'Princes shall come of Egypt; Ethiopia shall haste to stretch out her hands unto God.' Let us remember that this expression 'Princes' in this place is given by a word in the Hebrew signifying a magnate (of power and nobility). In these very days the first part of this utterance of King David has commenced to be fulfilled before our very eyes. The great magnates, Sir A. Milner and Lord Kitchener, as earlier Stanley, have come from Egypt. What must follow? Ethiopia shall haste to stretch out its hands to God. The civilisation is the external consequence in the steps of Christianity."

Teetotalism Writ Large

THE Attorney-General for Ireland states that the use of the word "teetotal" which Mr. Flavin brought into prominence in the House of Commons when he declared the Irish farmer to be "teetotally debarred" from tendering for the supply of oats, is in common use throughout Ireland as a kind of superlative of total. Is this an echo of Father Mathew's time? It may at least serve to remind us that teetotalism represents a principle which has had a far wider application in history than some of us suppose. Has it not represented the "root and branch" policy of reformers? Does it not express the

Varieties

spirit of those who will not parley? When the iconoclasts broke the images; when the Puritans removed the altars; when they forbade the theatre in reaction against the licentious stage of Charles II., were not these things teetotalism? When Wesley prohibited dram-drinking in days when gin was the curse of London; when dancing was condemned, and cards forsworn, because of the frightful folly and waste of womanhood with which they had become associated, were not these things teetotalism? The protest of total abstinence is continually springing from the fatal abuses which corrupt society. The world is apt to brand "half-hearted" measures. It might sometimes have a little more respect for those who crave a whole reform.

Explosive Words

OATHS are indirectly a testimony to religious ideas that have at one time or another been deep down in the popular heart. It is very remarkable how large a number of words in common use, broken and defiled as they are, the debased coins of speech, have this beginning. God and the heavens, Christ and his Sacrifice, death and hell, in reality make the most frequent allusions of tens of thousands of the people. Count these phrases in the animated lingo of some working men, and we have known them come at the rate of two hundred an hour. There are other classes of words as objectionable. But who that uses them thinks for a moment of meanings? These are uncouth sounds due to a poor vocabulary, combined with the wish to speak vigorously as a man should, or to the need of expressing emotion. How long will it be before the School Boards suppress this profane stupidity, and give us strong Saxon "undefiled" in the streets? It might break the practice if Dr. Murray could supply a few new good explosive words for occasional use.

Giving and Receiving

A ZULU gives or receives everything, even a pin, with two hands held together, as we should hold ours in offering a heap.

Kaffir Signs

KAFFIR espionage is artfully disguised. A boy on a hill will give signs by capering, or in singing.

Old Dutch Days

THE Dutch of the African pasture-lands were wont to assemble their neighbours to the house where one was dying. In the next room a coffin might sometimes be heard making, and the neighbours would themselves help get it ready.

How Sheep Choose

SHEEP in South Africa have been noticed to have their own sleeping-place. They choose the top of a knoll in fine weather, a hollow in winter.

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Esquire

A GERMAN correspondent from Sigmaringen, who styles himself "An old reader of the LEISURE HOUR," says he has often been puzzled by the English title "Esquire," its origin and full significance.

The word comes from the old French *esquier*, and this in turn from the Latin *scutum*, a shield. It originally meant a shield-bearer or armour-bearer in attendance on a knight. Then it came to be applied to all gentlemen next in social rank to a knight. It corresponded very much to the German title "Hochwohlgeboren." But it has now come to be used as a term of courtesy in addressing letters, so that instead of writing "Mr. John Smith," we write "John Smith, Esq."

Astronomical Notes for June

The Sun rises at Greenwich on the 1st day of this month at 3h. 51m. in the morning, and sets at 8h. 5m. in the evening; on the 11th he rises at 3h. 45m. and sets at 8h. 14m.; and on the 21st he rises at 3h. 45m. and sets at 8h. 18m. The Moon enters her First Quarter at 6h. 59m. on the morning of the 5th; becomes Full at 3h. 39m. on that of the 13th; enters her Last Quarter at 57 minutes past midnight on the 19th; and becomes New at 1h. 27m. on the morning of the 27th. She will be in apogee, or farthest from the earth, about 9 o'clock on the evening of the 5th, and in perigee, or nearest us, about 2 o'clock on the morning of the 19th. A partial eclipse of the Moon will take place on the morning of the 13th, but the portion involved in the Earth's shadow will be very small, and the time occupied in being so will last only about 7 minutes, from 3h. 24m. to 3h. 31m. Greenwich time, at which place the Moon will set at 3h. 54m. An occultation of the planet Saturn by the Moon will take place on the evening of same day (the 13th), the disappearance at 9h. 40m., and the re-appearance at 10h. 52m. Greenwich time. The planet Mercury will be visible in the evening in the latter part of the month, moving from the constellation Gemini into Cancer. Venus sets earlier each evening, and will be near Mercury on the 21st and 22nd, a little to the south-east of the bright star Pollux or Beta Geminorum. Mars begins to be visible before sunrise towards the end of the month, not far from the Pleiades in Taurus, but is not conspicuous. Jupiter continues to be a magnificent object during the greater part of the night, situated in the constellation Scorpio; he will be in conjunction with the Moon (then approaching the Full) on the 11th. Saturn is in Sagittarius, and will be in opposition to the Sun on the 23rd; he will be in conjunction with the Moon on the 13th.—W. T. LYNN.

CORRECTION

In the poem entitled "Tompkins' Soliloquy" (see our April number, p. 530), verse v.:

"There are the stammerers"—omit "the"; and for "whitey-mousey" read "white-mousey."



HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS LOUISE IN 1865

(After Winterhalter)

Her Royal Highness is now Duchess of Argyll

Wives, Mothers, and Maids

TALKS IN COUNCIL

High-grade School Teaching

THE demand for a standard of education more advanced than that obtainable at elementary schools, accompanied by a low scale of charges, resulted in the evolution of what is called secondary teaching. The Education Department evolved certain establishments known as Higher-Grade Board Schools, but in a great measure secondary education is still unorganised, and is controlled by various corporations. The Girls' Public Day School Company controls 36 schools, which enrol some 7,000 pupils, and employ about 600 teachers. The Church Schools Company has 26 schools for

girls, while public endowment from private sources supports many more. The Education Department of 1897 reported on more than 6,000 secondary schools in England, principally in London and the large towns.

The intending teacher who desires to take a foremost place in a secondary school should endeavour to obtain qualifications from a university, and subsequently from a teachers' training college. The former confers educational status, the latter teaches the method and manner of imparting knowledge already acquired, and establishing discipline; in fact, its object is to teach the art of teaching, as well as the subject to be taught.

Wives, Mothers, and Maids

Among the university colleges which prepare women for university degrees are Queen's College, London; Bedford College, London; Girton College, Cambridge; Newnham College, Cambridge; Queen's College, Manchester; Yorkshire College, Leeds; Mason College, Birmingham; Bristol College; Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford; Somerville College, Oxford, and University College, London. Some of these are exclusively women's colleges, while others are for men, with a women's branch added. In Scotland the most noted college for women is St. Margaret's, at Glasgow, which is affiliated with the university; at Edinburgh and St. Andrews there is no residential college for women, but the university classes and degrees are open to them. In Ireland the three Queen's Colleges have thrown their classes open to women, and the Royal University admits them to its degrees. Most of the day training colleges which receive women have boarding-houses connected with them, in which students are comfortably accommodated at reasonable rates. In other cases they can be accommodated in private apartments.

The training colleges for teachers, whose work follows that of the university, are the Maria Grey, with a two years' course, annual educational fees of about £30 and boarding fees of £15 15s. per term; the Cambridge Training College has a single year's course, and inclusive fees of £60 to £70; the Cheltenham College has a single year's course, and inclusive fees of about £94 10s., though some foundationers pay only £52 10s.; the Mary Datchelor, which has no boarding department, and charges £15 to £20 for educational fees; Bedford College, London, where the educational fee is £26 5s. for one year; and the University of Oxford, where the tuition fees are £7 10s. per term. All these establishments provide the student with practice in teaching in neighbouring schools. When the teachers are qualified, the salaries, unfortunately, are not high, the average, non-resident, being only £80 to £100; resident, £50 to £80. Successful teachers may earn £150; but it is only the head-mistresses who receive good incomes—their salaries may, with capitation fees, reach £600 to £800 per annum. These are the prizes of the profession, and are, unfortunately, available only for the few; for so far the salaries of women teachers are much below those of men, while there is as yet no superannuation fund for secondary schools.

When a teacher is qualified, she may either advertise, apply to recognised educational agents, or watch the advertisement lists. Vacancies are usually advertised, while the Association of University Women Teachers helps its members to obtain appointments. The address of the secretary is 48 Mall Chambers, Kensington, W. The Teachers' Guild, 74 Gower Street, London, W.C., has also a register for women teachers.

Estimated by the outlay it entails and the income it affords, secondary school teaching could not be called a desirable career for the average woman; but it may be safely averred

that few prepare for it with a single eye to the emolument. In influence, that influence which does not proclaim itself from the house-tops, but is satisfied to lay the foundations in retirement, the teacher probably stands alone. Her work on human character and ideals is effected at the most impressionable time of life. It is true the period of her control in each individual case is brief, as compared with that of a mother, but the extent of her household numerically is unlimited. Naturally, in a day school, she can do little, as compared with teachers resident among the pupils, to form character, to raise the standard of conduct, the ideal of life. But let her not despair; each mind is a separate field, and among the seeds dropped, sometimes without much hope or courage, one here and there, in unexpected quarters, will bring forth fruit a thousandfold.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

Inquirer.—A new edition of "The Vision of Piers Plowman" was published quite recently. I will endeavour to discover the publisher's name for you, and hope to let you know it in a later issue. Mr. A. Constable publishes "Ralph Roister Doister," and other specimens of early English literature.

Hopeful.—*i.* For such proficiency in music as would be expected of a public performer, the pupil should begin to study at an early age; but with taste for music, and diligence, a lady of twenty-seven could, in time, acquire sufficient proficiency to render her performance a source of pleasure to herself and others. *ii.* The Academy of Music does not undertake the instruction of beginners: only those students who pass a very creditable examination in theory and practice of music are admitted. You would require to begin with a private teacher. Musical people in your neighbourhood would be able to advise you as to the best local teacher. With taste for music, and two or three hours' daily practice, in about three years you might be able to play very well, considered as an amateur.

Emily L.—There are several physical training colleges in England. The British College of Physical Education, and the Gymnastic Teachers' Institute, hold examinations and grant certificates to intending teachers. When certificated, teachers earn from 5s. to 25s. per lesson. Pupils from the training college of Madame Bergman Osterberg, Dartford Heath, can, it is stated, always command a salary of £100 per annum when trained. Candidates may be from 18 to 30 years of age.

Ellen.—The Asile de Billode, Locle, Switzerland, can make use of defaced postage-stamps to increase the funds of the orphanage, but they must be given gratis. I am unable to say how the establishment utilises them.

Letters requiring answers to be addressed—
"Verity,"

c/o Editor, "Leisure Hour,"
56 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.



THE SWING
DRAWN BY PERCY TARRANT

The Fireside Club

LITERARY COMPETITIONS

PRIZE QUOTATIONS

On the Uses of War

1. "War disorganises, but it is to re-organise."
Emerson.
2. "All great nations learnt their truth of word and strength of thought in war . . . in a word, were born in war, and expired by peace."—*Ruskin.*
3. "Perhaps war is but Heaven's great plough-share driven
Over the barren, fallow, earthly fields,
Preparing them for harvest; rooting up
Grass, weeds and flowers, which necessary
fall
That in the furrows the wise husbandman
May drop celestial seed."—*D. M. Craik.*
4. "War is lawful when it is resorted to as the only means left of defending the right by might, and then it is one of the noblest forms of self-sacrifice; for it is the sacrifice by the nation of its wealth and people . . . rather than part with liberty . . . or righteousness."—*Dr. Norman Macleod.*
5. "From other basis never rose a nation."
Bayard Taylor.
6. "The devotion of the common soldier to his leader (the sign for him of hard duty) is the type of all higher devotedness, and is full of promise to other and better generations."—*George Eliot.*

Our readers are invited this month to send in quotations from their favourite authors on the subject of "Summer." Each quotation to be written legibly on a postcard (only), and no competitor to send more than one. A prize of FIVE SHILLINGS awarded for the best. See rules below.

The "Uses of War" prize is awarded to E. SUTTON, 124 Earl's Court Road, Kensington, S.W.

A NEW COMPETITION

TWO GUINEAS in prizes offered to the most successful solvers in this competition (see last month). Send on a postcard the words missing from the following quotations. Sources and authors not required. Number each word to correspond with the quotation, which need not be copied. Optional words not allowed. The series began in May and will end in August.

5. "To left and right
The cuckoo told his . . . to all the hills,
The mellow ouzel fluted in the elm."
6. "Do you know after all the meaning of the word vulgar? It is only . . ."
7. "Come forth into the . . . of things;
Let Nature be your teacher."
8. "How doth the little . . . bee
Improve each shining hour."
9. "The soul is a world of itself, and has enough
to do in its own . . ."

10. "It is almost a . . . of a gentleman to say that he is one who never inflicts pain."
11. "Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit . . . Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds."
12. "In . . . did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree."
13. "If I might be judge, God did never make a more calm, quiet, innocent . . . than angling."
14. "My true love hath my heart and I have his
By just . . . one for another given."

Answers in Second Series of Hidden Authors

(January, February, March, and April)

The four authors whose names were hidden in this series were:

I. ARNOLD, the required words (all from his poems) being *achieve*, Westminster Abbey; *roots*, The Scholar Gipsy; *never*, Requiescat; *one*, Merope; *left*, Sohrab and Rustum; *dead*, A Southern Night.

II. WORDSWORTH, the required words (all from his poems) being *workmanship*, II. Prelude; *on*, Townend Orchard; *reptiles*, Philoctetes; *destiny*, VI. Prelude; *schools*, XII. Prelude; *Wallace*, I. Prelude; *object*, Laodamia; *redbreast*, Lines in an Album; *truth*, Personal Talk; *him*, Loving and Liking.

III. TENNYSON, the required names from his poems being *Tithonus*, from Tithonus; *Elaine*, Lancelot and Elaine; *Nelson*, Ode on Duke of Wellington; *Nature*, In Memoriam; *Yniol*, Marriage of Geraint; *Sammy*, Northern Farmer; *Oriana*, Oriana; *Napoleon*, Early Sonnets.

IV. SOUTHEY, the required words, from various sources, being *strength*, Herrick's On Julia's Recovery; *own*, Milton's Comus; *unaptness*, Spenser's Hymn of Beauty; *theft*, Cowper's My Mother's Picture; *him*, Wordsworth's Affliction of Margaret; *example*, Scott's Marmion; *yelling*, Collins's Ode to Evening.

The prize of One Guinea is awarded to G. E. HERBERT, 31 Forthbridge Street, Lavender Hill, S.W., who found the source and author of every light of each acrostic, excepting one light (*example* in Acrostic IV.). The following competitors, in order of merit, are highly commended: E. THURTELL; G. PIGROME; B. STRICKLAND; T. B. WILES; L. PEILE; A. SIFTON; A. LOADER.

Answers in the foregoing competitions must be received at the office of the "Leisure Hour," 56 Paternoster Row, not later than the 20th of the month. They must be addressed to the Editor, and marked outside "Fireside Club."

Write very clearly on one side of the paper only. No papers can be returned, nor is private correspondence possible.

Our Chess Page

PROBLEM COMPOSING COMPETITION AWARD

New Solving Competition. Ten Guineas in Prizes

COMPOSING COMPETITION: JUDGE'S REPORT

In view of the Solving Competition in connection with the problems under discussion, detailed criticism of any particular composition is out of the question, and our report can only present a general survey of the work submitted.

The total number of problems sent in was 105. Of these two were withdrawn, five failed to conform to the conditions, whilst four others, beginning with a checking first move, called for no serious attention.

Ninety-four problems were thus left in for consideration. These comprised fifty-five in three moves, and thirty-nine in two moves.

It was inevitable that a magazine which appeals to so wide a public as *THE LEISURE HOUR* should number among its readers many who, whilst interested in chess, are devoid of any pretensions to rank as experts. Hence a few of the entries display a somewhat rudimentary acquaintance with what is looked for in a modern problem.

On the other hand, many of the competing problems evince a very high degree of excellence, and it will be generally agreed that in the three-move section the prize-winners are altogether worthy of distinction. But, having regard to the diversity of opinion as to what constitutes a good two-mover, we hardly expect that every competitor in that section will be satisfied with our choice. In fairness to those who find their problems have not been rated so high in the scale as they are wont to be, it should be stated that we hold the view that purity in the mates is a feature of cardinal importance, alike in two-move and three-move problems.

Under the *nom de plume* "Yockle," four problems in all were entered, two in each section. It is curious that both the two-movers have been so closely anticipated, both in idea and the method of its presentation, that we had no option but to disqualify them. A similar fate befell the two-move "Ubi res nata?" which recalls one of the finest efforts of that two move specialist T. Taverner. It is an old prize problem, and will be found in the selection of problems given in James Rayner's "Chess Problems" (No. XXIX.)

Such cases of unconscious reproduction of earlier problems are by no means rare, and we are anxious it should be understood that no imputation of "plagiarism" is made.

Problems not included either in the prize list or among the "highly commended" ones, will not be reserved for publication in this column; they are therefore at the disposal of their respective authors. It must be borne in mind, however, that many failed to pass the adjudicator for proving unsound in whole or in part.

The award as it stands must be regarded as merely provisional, for the scrutiny of any one person frequently proves to be at fault, and the problems must pass the more trying ordeal of analysis by a band of lynx-eyed solvers.

Should any "cook" be discovered in, or objection raised and sustained against, any problem, during the next month, such problem will be displaced by that next in the list of "highly commended" problems of its own calibre. For the discovery of "cooks" we offer a special prize. (See advertisements, page 10.)

The award, subject to the provisions named, is as follows:

THREE-MOVERS

First Prize, Two Guineas:

F. SKALIK, Prague, Bohemia.

Second Prize, One Guinea:

J. J. COLPA, Lange Mare, Leiden, Holland.

Third Prize, Half-a-Guinea:

J. SMUTNY, Pribram, Bohemia.

TWO-MOVERS

First Prize, Thirty Shillings:

Z. MACH, Loucen per Nymburk, Bohemia.

Second Prize, Fifteen Shillings:

P. K. TRAXLER, Veseli n. L. Bohemia.

Third Prize, Seven Shillings and Sixpence:

GODFREY HEATHCOTE, 4 Wolseley Place, Worthington, Manchester.

Very highly commended (THREE-MOVERS)

Stolen Moments	G. J. Slater
Come again next Spring	Z. Mach
Asphodel	A. F. Mackenzie
Vox Populi	P. K. Traxler
Semel nostra anca	Z. Mach and F. Skalik

Highly commended (THREE-MOVERS)

Second Thoughts	G. Heathcote
Enoon	H. Greenwell
Krekekekes	J. Smutny
Alt	H. F. L. Meyer
Tiro A	F. G. Conway
Purity	W. Finlayson
Still Waters	G. H. Clutsam
Floreat Repandum	J. K. Macmeikan
Aurora	V. Kosek
Erasmus	Rev. J. Jespersen
Nemesis	C. Kondelik
Staunton	J. J. Colpa

Highly commended (TWO-MOVERS)

Still Waters	G. H. Clutsam
The Pearl	A. F. Mackenzie
Dalibor	M. Havel
Pluto	Mrs. Fagan
Erin-go-Bragh	H. F. W. Lane
Lente	H. Greenwell
All for Purity	P. G. L. F.

Our Chess Page

The prize problems and mottoes will be found on page 10 of the advertisements.

So great has been the demand upon our space this month, that either this expedient had to be adopted or the publication of the problems had to be postponed. We chose the lesser of the two evils, and we think some compensation will be found in the fact that the problems can be removed from the magazine without spoiling it.

To satisfy the curiosity of competitors, we may say that the honorary judge was the well-known expert, Mr. E. B. Schwann. Our heartiest thanks are due to him for the painstaking care and conspicuous ability with which he performed his work.

NEW SOLVING COMPETITION

We offer Ten Guineas in Prizes for the best solutions of twelve problems to be published during the next four months. The division of the prizes will be at the discretion of the Examiners, who will adopt the fairest possible system of marking.

Conditions.—Each solution must be headed by the name and address of the solver, and must be written on only one side of the paper.

The first batch consisting of six prize problems, is published this month (see p. 10 of

advertisements). Solutions must be in the Editor's hands not later than August 1.

Chess editors are earnestly requested not to publish the solution of any problem in this competition until the time allowed to our solvers has expired. With this restriction the problems are very much at their service.

The Ladies' Chess Competition is still open (see *THE LEISURE HOUR* for May).

END GAMES COMPETITION RESULT

Very few games were sent in, but some of them, notably four by J. E. PARRY and two by Dr. DUNSTAN, were exceedingly good. The award is as follows:

J. E. PARRY, 1 Hammer Villas, Bishop Street, Shrewsbury.—Two Guineas.

Dr. ROBERT DUNSTAN, 282 High Road, Balam, s.w.—One Guinea.

H. D'O. BERNARD, Combe Raleigh, Honiton, Devon.—Half-a-Guinea.

F. KIRSOPP, 161 Commercial Road, Peckham, s.e.—Half-a-Guinea.

All communications to be addressed to the Editor "*The Leisure Hour*," 56 Paternoster Row, London, E.C., and to be marked CHESS on the envelope.

The Leisure Hour Eisteddfod

TWENTY-FIVE PRIZES OFFERED

20. Open to all our readers who are amateur photographers.

PHOTOGRAPHY COMPETITION

One Prize of a Guinea, Two of Half-a-Guinea, Four of Five Shillings, and Six of Half-a-Crown.

The Prize of One Guinea will be given for

THE BEST FAMILY GROUP

One Prize of Half-a-Guinea for

THE BEST RURAL SCENE

One Prize of Half-a-Guinea for

THE BEST SEASIDE SCENE

Four Prizes of Five Shillings and Six Prizes of Half-a-Crown will be given for the best photographs, the subject to be left entirely to the competitor's choice.

The photograph must be absolutely the competitor's own work. Amateur photographers only eligible.

The prize photographs will be reserved for reproduction and publication if that seems expedient. Others will be returned if stamped envelopes are sent, but we do not hold ourselves responsible for their safe return.

21. Open to all our readers.

THE BEST SYNOPSIS

of Mr. Louis Becke's new story: "Tom Wallis."

One Prize of a Guinea, Two Prizes of Half-a-Guinea, Four Prizes of Five Shillings, and Five of Half-a-Crown.

The story will appear in our pages from May to October.

No synopsis to exceed two pages of foolscap.

RULES

1. Every competitor must cut out the *Eisteddfod* ticket, given on p. 13 of advertisements, and fasten the ticket to the *outside of envelope* containing his or her essay or photograph.

2. All Essays to be written on one side of the paper only.

3. Photographs to be sent not later than June 12, 1900; Synopsis papers not later than October 19, 1900.

4. Competitions to be addressed to the Editor, "*Leisure Hour*," 56 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

5. **To Colonial Readers** Competitions 19 and 20 are open. (For No. 19, see May number). Prizes of the same value will be given to Colonial readers, provided that not less than twelve compete in any one class. Photographs and Anecdotes from the Colonies must be received at this office not later than September 18, 1900.